ULY 5 — 11, 1980

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EVE'S WEEKLY

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ANNOUNCING
A BRAND
NEW
LUCKY DRAW
SCHEME:
"THE WINNING
COLLECTION"

WHEN THE
BRIDE IS
STILL A
BABY:
CHILD
MARRIAGES
AMONG
MIGRANT
CONSTRUCTION
WORKERS

ADOPTING
A CHILD:
HOW
HINDUS
CAN DO IT

I never knew saving was so very easy...

Till I opened a Recurring Deposit Account with PNB

Saving without tears ! So many people want to save but just cannot manage it.

PNB's **Recurring Deposit Scheme** provides the easiest way to do it. You can start with monthly instalment of as little as Rs. 5 or its multiples.

A deposit of Rs. 50 every month for 63 months will become Rs. 4,145.50 on maturity.

punjab national bank

(A Government of India Undertaking)

...the name you can BANK upon !

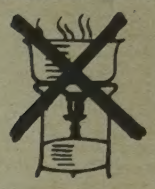
INTERADS

If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.

As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?' How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977: **"Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."**

Your children are under constant attack!

It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient



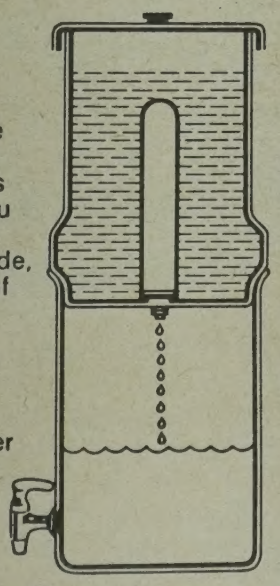
It's now an established fact that boiling alone is no longer safe. Boiling only kills germs, **but not spores.** You need something that rids you of both. For, spores are the resting stage of bacteria present in water. And even a temperature of 100 degrees C (the boiling point of water) has no real effect on them. A few hours after boiling, they are back in action again, contaminating the freshly boiled water.

Beware of the Matka!

Ask any scientist friend. He'll tell you. Even boiled water stored in matkas is dangerous. For matkas breed germs by the million, in their millions of earthenware pores. Why, even crystal clear water examined under the microscope shows bacteria which cause cholera, typhoid, dysentery, jaundice, gastroenteritis and other terrible diseases.

There must be a solution!

Don't worry! Serious as the problem is, the solution is really simple. Wise parents all over the country have adopted the Puritas Water Filter. As you can see in the illustration alongside, the filter consists of two chambers, candles and a tap. Water filled in the upper chamber, slowly and safely filters into the lower chamber through the candles.



The secret of the candles

The secret lies in the Puritas Candle, the first of its kind in India. All Puritas Candles are laboratory tested and certified by leading municipal authorities. These candles are made of a very special kind of earth called 'Kieselguhr' which is so precisely porous, it makes the ideal filtering material. In fact, **it filters out all germs and spores, providing you with 100% pure drinking water** in the lower chamber.

Where is the proof that Puritas gives 100% pure water?

We have proof. You are most welcome to come over to any of our offices in India and check photostat copies of actual laboratory test reports. You can also check the originals at our Head Office in Bombay—reports that prove without doubt that the Puritas Water Filter removes bacteria totally. Assuring you of water that is 100% free of germs and spores. 100% safe for your growing children and for you.

Caution

When you buy a water filter—think of your family's safety. Don't save a few rupees at the expense of their health and yours. Don't be misled by cheaper, inferior imitation filters. Buy only original "Puritas" Water Filter. Check the "Puritas" name on the Filter and also on the Candles.

Take care of those you care for.

BALSARA'S PURITAS

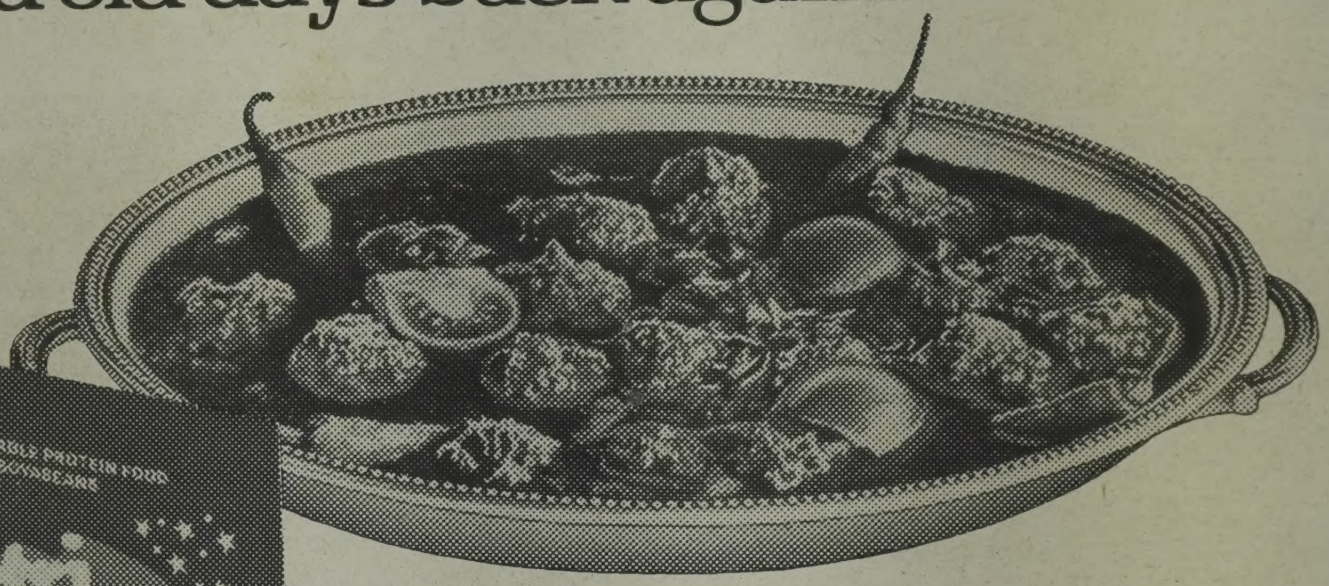
BALSARA —FOR MODERN AIDS TO BETTER LIVING

BALSARA & COMPANY (PRIVATE) LIMITED
43, Nagindas Master Road, Fort, Bombay 400 023.

CHAITRA-BLS-158

Remember how wholesome mother's cooking used to be?

Nutri Nugget® shows you how to bring the good old days back again.



Nutri Nugget—the high-protein pure vegetarian food—brings joy to home cooking once again.

Nutri Nugget is extra nutritious because it contains 50% protein—much more than eggs, milk or pulses.

Nutri Nugget is economical because one 250 gms. pack is equal in protein to 22 eggs, 570 gms. paneer, or nearly 4 litres of milk—and costs less too.

Nutri Nugget is versatile because you can use it to make any of your favourite dishes, and it comes out tasting good!

Put Nutri Nugget on your grocery list today.

Nutri Nugget®

Vegetarian protein food from pure golden soyabean.

Available as chunks or granules

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ULKA/SPRA/1-80

Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 27 BOMBAY JULY 5—11, 1980

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Inland Rs. 85.
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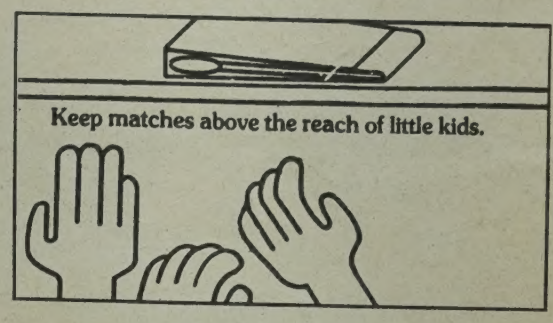
THIS WEEK

HOME SAFE HOME

A guide to safety from fiery accidents in the house and a handy checklist to ensure that all is well on the domestic front.
Page 12.



TODDLER MARRIAGES

Among some communities of migrant construction workers, even a two-year-old boy is a much sought after, eligible bachelor. A discussion with some workers on why this practice endures.
Page 22

DISCORD IN THE AIR

The air-hostesses of the Indian Airlines Corporation have taken their employer to court for practising discrimination on the basis of sex. Details of the dispute.
Page 40

BRIGHTER THAN THE REST

Growing up is difficult enough, but growing up with the "handicap" of being exceptionally gifted can be even more traumatic. How gifted children can be helped.
Page 36

HINDU ADOPTION LAW

A detailed explanation of the provisions of the law which regulates adoption of children by Hindus — how the law lays down the procedure for adoption.
Page 11

ALSO

Film Interview: Raj Babbar, rising star— **Page 17** Creative Photography : XIII — **Page 19** A Story For Children — **Page 20** From Sofu, With Love: Flower Arrangements from the Sofu Teshigahara School of Ikebana — **Page 21** Eve Today: Binodini Devi — **Page 26** Women in Focus: Suhasini Hasan and Shobana Subramanian — **Page 33**.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**15**, Fashion/**24**, That's A Laugh/**27**, Cookery/**29**, Comics/**32**, True Confession/**34**, Book Nook /**39**, People Known & Unknown/**38**, What's New/**42**, Frankly Speaking/ **43**, People & Events/**44**, Horoscope/**46**.

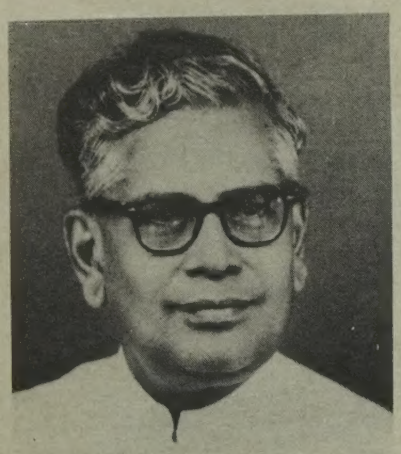
Announcing

INDUSTRIAL TIMES

JULY 14, 1980

BUDGET 1980-81

IS THE EUPHORIA JUSTIFIED?



The budget 1980-81 has been a slight departure from the preceding ones in that imposts are not so burdensome for the common man. Though by and large, trade and industry have welcomed it, economists have characterised it as being non-growth-oriented.

Industrial Times presents the views of the country's top-ranking businessmen, exporters, chartered accountants etc. in an indepth analysis.

ALYQUE and the LINTAS SYNDROME

Fresh from his return from a world conference of agency heads of Lintas in New York, Alyque Padamsee, General Manager and Creative Director of Lintas India Ltd., shares his vantage view on the Indian ad scene over the last quarter century with Industrial Times.

Interviewer : BRINSTON MIRANDA

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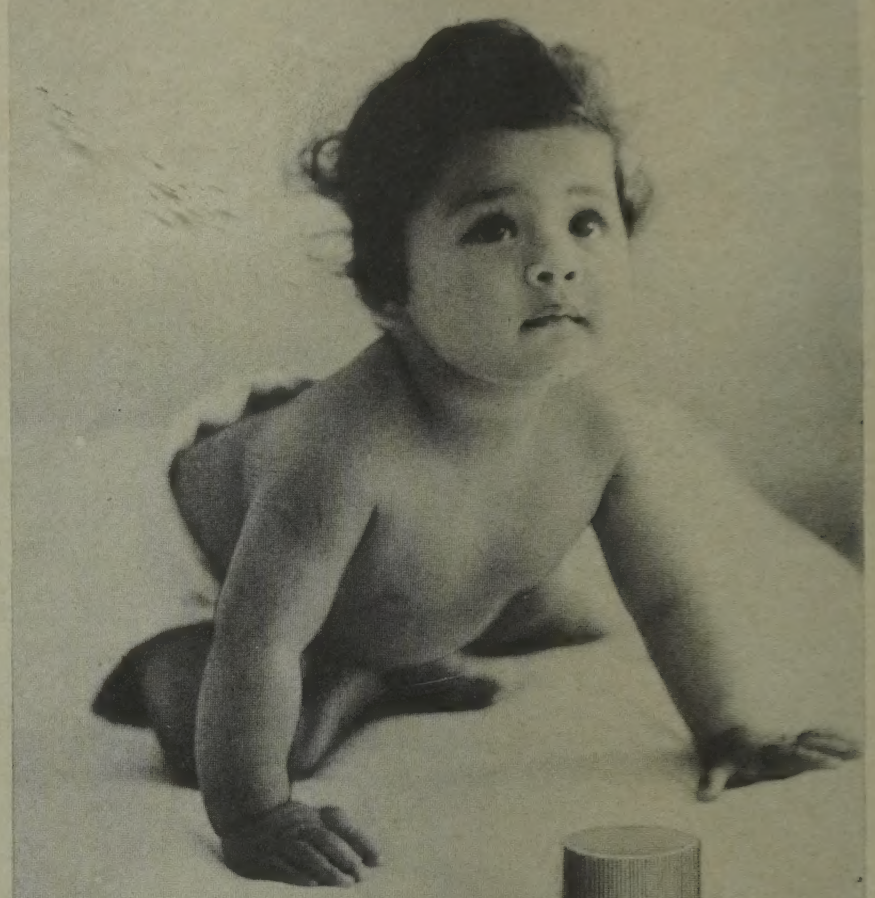

Now, COMBII packs the natural goodness of sweet almonds into a pure, hygienic, non-greasy oil, enriched with natural proteins and vitamins...to nourish and protect your baby's delicate skin...and keep it soft, smooth and glowing.

Healthy and soothing for even the most sensitive skins...Combii Almond Baby Oil emulsifies dirt and other deposits, tones and prevents skin-drying, declogs skin pores, and minimises friction in sensitive regions.

Use Combii Almond Baby Oil as a body massage before bathing, as an additive to bath water, and on the scalp to promote healthy hair.

And what's good for baby is good for you too ! Ask your mother—she'll tell you.

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Made with love...for baby

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

SEX AND LIB.

It seems as if people are still not clear about what the term 'Women's Lib' signifies. Time and again we have read letters on this page denouncing Women's Lib as a movement aimed either at the desexing of women or one that promises them freedom to indulge in sexual licence. Surprisingly, a good deal of misunderstanding about the aims of this movement prevails among women themselves and that, too, among women who are in a position to make public statements. I was startled to read, in an article written by a woman writer, discussing the sexual problems adolescents face in today's changing milieu, that "pleasure without responsibility which was once the prerogative of the prostitute is now the slogan of the Women Libbers". To say the least, this is a very irresponsible statement. Is a woman who indulges in sexual licence necessarily liberated, in the right sense of the term? Why do enlightened women have to mix up irresponsible sexual pleasure with liberation? It would follow that Women's Lib alone is responsible for the sexual laxities of our society. On the contrary, a truly liberated woman will have a greater sense of moral responsibility, where sex is concerned, for she will know how far to go and where to stop. If at all this movement has anything to do with sex it is to highlight the fact that women are not merely objects of sex to be used by men.

AMINA AMIN, Ahmedabad

This, we feel, is something generated by men who actually fear and resist any talk of women's liberation. They now use 'defence tactics' by giving out the impression that any woman who champions liberation and emancipation really wants to jump into bed. These men are to be pitied; more to be pitied are those brain-washed women who fall in with this line of thinking.

2nd PRIZE

THE (GOLD) BOND

As this new year set in, the price of cakes touched a new high. But (a la Marie Antoinette), even if we couldn't afford bread, we had to have our piece of the New Year cake. Considering the fact that we paid through our noses, the bite may have turned to ashes in our mouth, but then, New Year wouldn't be New Year, without a cake, would it? We could not go against tradition, or rob the children or ourselves of the satisfaction of the palate!

However, it is not the price of cake alone that has shot up. Gold — unless one has the Midas touch — may well be out of reach, not only of the common man, but of the higher-ups, too. Yet, even the ordinary man will tie himself into knots and bend over backwards to put up a facade. A wedding, without at least a little amount of gold, cannot be solemnised. If nothing else, the 'mangalsutra' has to be made of gold.

Times have changed. Let us swim with the change, instead of trying to swim against the tide and floundering on the rocks. What I am suggesting may raise many an eyebrow, but I say: Let's do away with the 'mangalsutra'; let a couple get married on good faith and trust. In the final analysis it is the intangible bond of love and goodwill that binds a marriage, not the tangible noose round the neck, or the ring on the finger.

HYMA BAL, Tellicherry

No noose is good noose, what? Anyway, why single out the 'mangalsutra'? While we agree that it is not merely this chain which binds a marriage together, there is no harm in a woman opting for a gold 'mangalsutra'. It is the obsession with acquiring and hoarding gold, that we must resist. . .

3rd PRIZE

THE SOLUTION

As far as I can remember none of us has ever been satisfied with our government, irrespective of who constitutes it. Take a look at the problem of price-rise: it is the most natural thing that can happen in a democratic nation like ours which is pregnant with population. Unless the population is controlled the prices cannot be controlled. I am sure not many of us realise this when we blame the government. Population control is in our hands. If we are going to give way to superstition and useless tradition, we are inviting ruin.

We have plenty of what we don't need. India has too many religions. This is the main reason for the lack of co-ordination and unity among us. Japan started almost at the same time as we did. It is, today, one of the most economically stable nations and this is because the Japanese have one religion and consequently they work with the same sense of purpose The main thing is to feel responsible. Most of us don't even pretend to feel responsible. If we are to remain as we are, I am afraid no government can really save us. Compulsory sterilisation in families with more than two children is the most reasonable solution. But we'll probably only realise this when the problem reaches a stage when the breathing in of fresh air will be rationed!

S. MURALIDHAR, Madras

Once bitten, twice shy — more's the pity. With the fierce and adverse reaction to sterilisation that the protagonists encountered the first time around, they seem to have abandoned the scheme. Tinkering with a man's body against his will, may not be wise. But, if the media can impress on each male that a major objective can be achieved without any harm done to his person, his ego and his libido — maybe then the programme can succeed.

COUGHING UP!

A friend of mine was telling me how one of the better-known schools of Delhi wanted her father to pay for the price of a hundred tables and chairs, if her younger sister wanted to be admitted into it. My sister's friend has a similar problem. She was told point-blank that there were no vacancies, but that one could be created for her son, if she were willing to part with Rs. 5,000.

How many of us can afford to pay such huge sums just to have the seal of one of the premier institutions of Delhi, on our school-leaving certificates? It is high time we stopped this exploitation.

MISS FLAVIA FERNANDES, New Delhi

Corruption in education seems to have come to stay. Almost every day we hear of parents being coerced into giving "donations" in return for admission to the school. Of all the hateful practices, this is about the worst.

WHO GETS RAPED? . .

Recently I read a Letter to the Editor on "Rape and Women" (Indian Express, April 7). It was astonishing and rather shocking to note what the writer had to say, and I disagree with this opinion, totally. It is not at all the clothing or the loose morals of the women that invites rapists to attack them. Such women are not usually raped. They would know how to handle the rapists. On the other hand most of the victims are housewives. . . even innocent school-girls and nuns who have been brutally assaulted and raped.

These women were helpless in the situation for fear of their lives, and this does not amount to rape 'by mutual constent'.

I. D'SOUZA, Bombay

It is ridiculous to think that women get raped because of the attire. First of all, most of the women who dress provotively move around in cars and are usually escorted. Besides, rape is nothing if not a power game, with male superiority as the stake.

"Are these dreamsheets from New Great?"

"No, they're from Zombay Zyeing.

Now, shut up and go to sleep!"

new great mills

We export almost all we make. But do try, you might get them here!

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

MALE CHAUVINIST MAESTRO

I was pained to read in your People Known & Unknown column (May 24), about the great Mridangam maestro who refused to accompany women vocalists with one exception. It is unfortunate that even great men behave like this. If there is any one who has proved that this particular percussion instrument is 'mridu-angam' (soft organ), it is this unique personality, Palghat Mani Iyer. The loss is ours that we have not had the opportunity of hearing female voices like that of M.S. Subbulakshmi, combine with the soft sounds of his mridangam. I hope many readers will agree with me and raise their voices until the maestro realises that even now it is not too late.

SARSWATHI RAMAKRISHNAN, Jhansi.

PRESERVING OUR HERITAGE

Readers of your special issue on our environment (May 17) may be concerned to note the thoughtless 'modernisation' which the distinctive Victorian landmark structures at the Love Grove Sewage complex are being subjected to — plastering over the original stone facing. This is being effected under cover of an equally inept upward extension of the original compound wall, which used to match the buildings in scale to set off their form. Elsewhere in the world, where conservation and the value of rich variety — such as Bombay still possesses — in the urban fabric is appreciated, these unique structures would have been preserved not only for their architectural value but also as examples of industrial archaeology.

F. NISSEN, Bombay.

V.D. AND THE ADOLESCENT

The article, "Children and V.D." (May 24) was most informative. However, being a college student, I was disappointed to note that no mention whatsoever was made about the incidence of V.D. among the college students of today!

S.T.D, as V.D. in now known among today's college-goers, is increasing at an alarming rate and most youngesters do not know what to do about it. There are no student-guidance programmes on this topic. V.D. screening tests and remedial injections are reported to cost as much as a hundred rupees each. I feel that this exorbitant charge is one of the main reasons why students feel they would rather have it for some more time. There is a definite need today for an extensive anti-V.D. campaign programme on our college campuses. But no initiative is forthcoming.

MANI MARKS, Bangalore.

POETRY BY DALIT WOMEN

N. G. Bhaware's article on poetry by Dalit Women (May 24 and 31) was absorbing and interesting. It brings together, perhaps for the first time, Dalit women poets belonging to the older and younger generations and serves as a good introduction to their poetry. The poems themselves, with their directness and sincerity, make a strong appeal, and the appeal is not just literary. Congratulations on publishing a very useful article.

DR. G. S. AMUR, Marathwada University, Aurangabad.

HAVE TIMES CHANGED?

With reference to "The Anguished Cry: Poetry by Dalit Women" (May 24 and 31), it is true that scheduled castes were treated badly. But now conditions have certainly changed and they are still fast changing. I don't know how far it is justified to still say so intensely that this wound will never be healed, and so on. Can't they appreciate the guts of those social reformers who have taken the drastic step of uplifting them? They must cooperate with them instead of rising and abusing at the same time.

A. READER

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JULY 12

KARNATAKA KALEIDOSCOPE :

Travel writers Hugh and Colleen Gantzer describe the wealth of architectural and scenic wonders that are attracting tourists to the State in increasing numbers.

HELPING WOMEN CLIMB THE EXECUTIVE LADDER :

In corporate life women are handicapped by their lack of professional savvy. How in the U.S. women are helped to overcome this handicap.

WOMAN IN EAST AFRICAN LITERATURE

The position of the African woman is clearly discernible in East African literature in which many women writers have distinguished themselves.

INDIA'S 100 MILLION :

The 100 million deprived children who are the victims of national neglect —denied even sufficient food and medical care. Being labelled as living "under the povetry line" is all the recognition they have won so far.

RANBAXY'S GARLIC PEARLS

A few facts you should know.

Garlic has been well-known from earliest times for its medicinal properties. Medical authorities have accepted the value of garlic in correcting various health problems. Garlic can be taken raw or cooked or in capsule form. But to derive the maximum medicinal benefits from garlic, it should be taken in the most effective way.

Why not raw Garlic?

Raw garlic cloves have to be chewed before the extract acts inside the body. But when chewed, they leave an unpleasant smell. When swallowed, they are difficult to digest. And the extraction is incomplete.

Why not cooked Garlic?

On cooking, the effective medicinal properties of garlic are lost

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Ranbaxy Laboratories, a trusted name with the medical profession, now gives you all the benefits of raw garlic—without the smell. Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls contain the pure extract of raw garlic in easy-to-digest, soft gelatin capsules—the most effective way of deriving the medicinal properties of garlic.

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- **Help ease disabling joint pains.**
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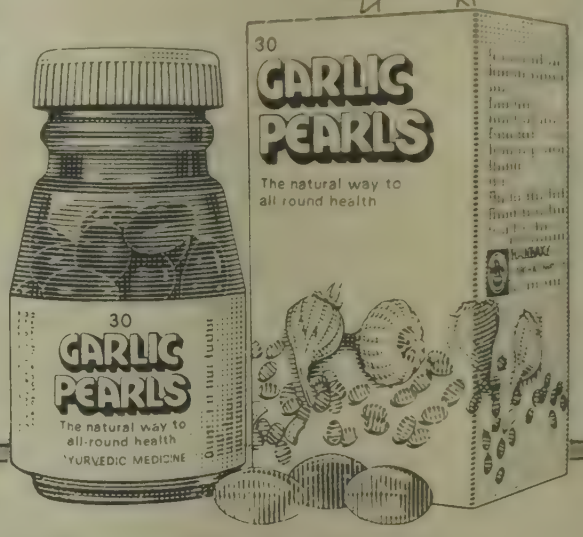
Take Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls – everyday. It's a healthy habit.

Take two pearls twice daily regularly.



The natural way to all-round health.

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(Part I English or Hindi)

Author: Yogiraj Shri Umeshchandraji
Founder: Shri Ramtirth Yogashram
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In this most authoritative book, the author with his fifty years of practical experience of Yoga training and research guides you to regain and maintain physical and mental health and attain spiritual bliss.

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THE HINDU ADOPTION LAW

The year 1979 was the year of the children — the International Year of the Child. Everyone loves a child and desires to have one of his/her own. But quite often even quite healthy looking couples are not blessed with an issue and it is natural for them to want to adopt a child and give it the love and care which they would have lavished on their own had they one.

In the past mostly boys were being adopted among Hindus as it was very important to have a son to perform the funeral rites and also to continue the family name. But today girls too can be adopted under the Hindu Adoption And Maintenance Act.

There were different forms of adoption prevailing among Hindus; (1) the **Dattak** form of adoption prevailed throughout India; (2) the **Kritrima** form of adoption was confined to the Mithila School; (3) the **Dvyamushyoyana** form which consisted of an agreement between the natural father of the boy and the adoptive father that the boy would be considered as the son of both of them with the right of offering funeral oblations to and inheriting the property of both; and (4) the **Illatom** form in which the son-in-law was adopted as a son.

Now adoption is no more a religious act but a strictly legal affair.

HINDU ADOPTION AND MAINTENANCE ACT

Now, adoption by Hindus is governed by the Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act, 1956. The Act applies to Hindus only. The word "Hindu" includes Buddhists, Jains and Sikhs. Muslims, Christians, Parsis and Jews are excluded from the Act. If a child is abandoned or his/her parentage is not known, but is brought up as a Hindu, the child will be treated as a Hindu. It also includes any person who is a convert or a reconvert to the Hindu, Buddhist, Jain or Sikh faith.

Any male/female Hindu who is of sound mind and is not a minor has the right to take a boy or girl in adoption. If he is married, he requires the consent of his wife. All females except a wife have the right to adopt a son or daughter. An unmarried female or a divorcee or a widow also has the right to take a son or daughter in adoption.

If the father is alive, he alone has the right to give his child in adoption, but with the consent of the mother of the child unless she has completely and finally renounced the world or has ceased to be a Hindu or has been declared by a court of competent jurisidiction to be of unsound mind. A mother may give her child in adoption if the father is dead or has renounced the world or is of unsound mind or has ceased to be a Hindu. In case both father and mother are dead or have abandoned the child, the guardian may give the child in adoption with the previous permission of the court to any person including the guardian himself. The court granting permission shall keep in mind the welfare of the child, the wishes of the child and will see that there is no payment for the adoption.

Any Hindu who has not completed 15 years of age, who is already adopted and is not married, may be adopted unless there is a custom or usage applicable to the parties permitting adoption of a married person or a person above 15 years of age.

A man or woman cannot adopt a son/daughter if he has a Hindu son, grandson or great-grandson in the male line, a Hindu daughter or son's daughter, whether by legitimate blood relationship or by adoption, living at the time of adoption.

In case the adoption is by a male/female and the person to be adopted is female/male, the adoptive father/mother must be 21 years older than the person to be adopted. The same child cannot be adopted simultaneously by two or more persons.

The child to be adopted must be actually given in adoption by the parents or guardian or under their authority with intent to transfer the child from the family of its birth, or in the case of an abandoned child or a child whose parentage is not known, from the family which brought it up, to the family of its adoption.

The effect of adoption under the Act is that from date of adoption it brings about severance of all ties of the child given in adoption with the family of his/her birth. These are automatically replaced by ties with the adoptive family. However, (1) such a child cannot marry any person whom he/she could not have married if he/she had continued in the family of his/her birth; (2) any property which vested in such a child before the adoption, subject to the conditions attached to such vesting including obligations to maintain relatives in the family of his/her birth continues to be his/her property, also the obligations continue for the child; and (3) such a child cannot divest any person of any estate which vested in him/her before such adoption.

NO PAYMENT ALLOWED

If adoption is made by the husband when the wife is alive, the child is not only the child of the adoptive father but also of the adoptive mother. If a widower or a bachelor adopts a child and he gets married subsequent to the adoption, his wife becomes the step-mother of the adopted child. When a widow or an unmarried woman adopts a child, any person she marries subsequent to the adoption becomes the step-father of the adopted child.

In case of adoption by a widow, the adopted child is absorbed in the adoptive family to which the widow belongs. In other words, the child is deemed to be the son/daughter of the deceased husband of the widow. The other collateral relations of the deceased husband will be connected with the child through that deceased husband. For instance, the husband's brother will be the uncle of the adopted child. The daughter of the adoptive mother (or father) will be the sister of the adopted son, etc.

It may be noted here that adoption does not deprive the adoptive parent of the right to dispose of his/her property by transfer inter vivos or by will.

Once a valid adoption is made it cannot be cancelled. The child cannot return to his/her original family.

No payment is allowed for adoption. In case any payment is made, the person who makes/receives the payment can be punished with imprisonment which may extend to six months, or with a fine, or both.

Mahesh Kapasi

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Every day in our country, fire consumes property to the tune of Rs. 1 crore. A majority of these accidents are home fires which start in the kitchen and are the result of carelessness, indifference and misjudgement. A few check-points around the home to help you recognize and fight the various hazards

HOME SAFE HOME

Arun K. Das and Pragnya Ram

"Home." A word that is associated by most of us with a feeling of security, pride, love, longing. Home is the one place where we feel safe and protected. Yet there is one hostile element that can and too often does, destroy the security of the home — FIRE.

Every day in our country, fire consumes property to the tune of approximately Rs. 1 crore. More than 20,000 fire incidents were reported to have occurred last year. There would be thousands more which are not properly reported. Over 50 per cent of the total fires are recorded in the four major metros, viz. Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras. In fact, in Bombay itself from January to December 1979, over 3,000 fire incidents were recorded. Of these fires nearly 200 incidents were home fires. In a majority of these accidents, housewives, small children and old people succumbed to fire.

Not surprisingly, fires in homes have been the unexpected results of slight carelessness, indifference and misjudgement. With a little better planning, a little work and care, it is possible to make our homes safer. But at times it might just so happen that one is not sure of how to go about making things safer.

Here are a few check-points round the home to help you recognise different hazards.

Most home fires start in the kitchen. Fire hazards like heat, flames, LPG gas cylinders, stoves, kerosene, wooden cabinets, etc. are present in nearly all kitchens. A small error in judgement or an oversight while handling any of these substances can lead to a fire.

Thus we begin with the kitchen.

MAKE YOUR KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS SAFE:

Wooden cabinets and storage shelves fixed over the cooking range are potential fire hazards. If possible, try not fixing cabinets in such a position. Overhead storage causes you to reach out for things even when the stove is in use. The flame may trap you unawares, sometimes it may catch on to your saree palloo, or the sleeve of your house-coat.

While working in the kitchen, avoid wearing loose flowing clothes and, if you work wearing a saree, tuck your palloo tightly round the waist.

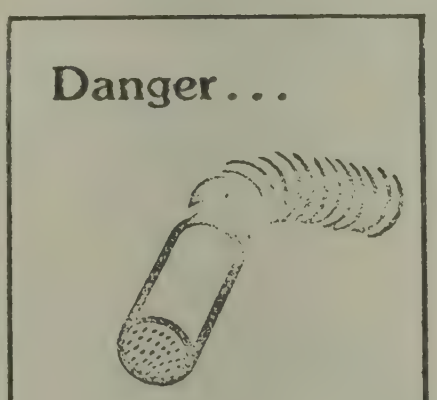
So too, window curtains and flapping calendars close to the cooking range attract fire. Doing away with them is advisable, even though it means giving your kitchen a rather austere look.

Do not have a clothesline over the kitchen fire.

Frying pan fires and other small grease fires can be easily put out by throwing a large handful of baking soda on it. In case baking soda is not readily available, smother the fire with lid/plate or even a very damp cloth.

Make sure that pot/pan handles do not reach over the side where children may be tempted to pull the pan on to themselves.

Also keep matches and lighters out of the reach of children.



Cigarettes can start a fire. Look under chair cushions, in wastebaskets, and in ashtrays for burning cigarettes.

It is indeed shocking to learn that nearly 70,000 fires in the United States are caused each year by children playing with matches.

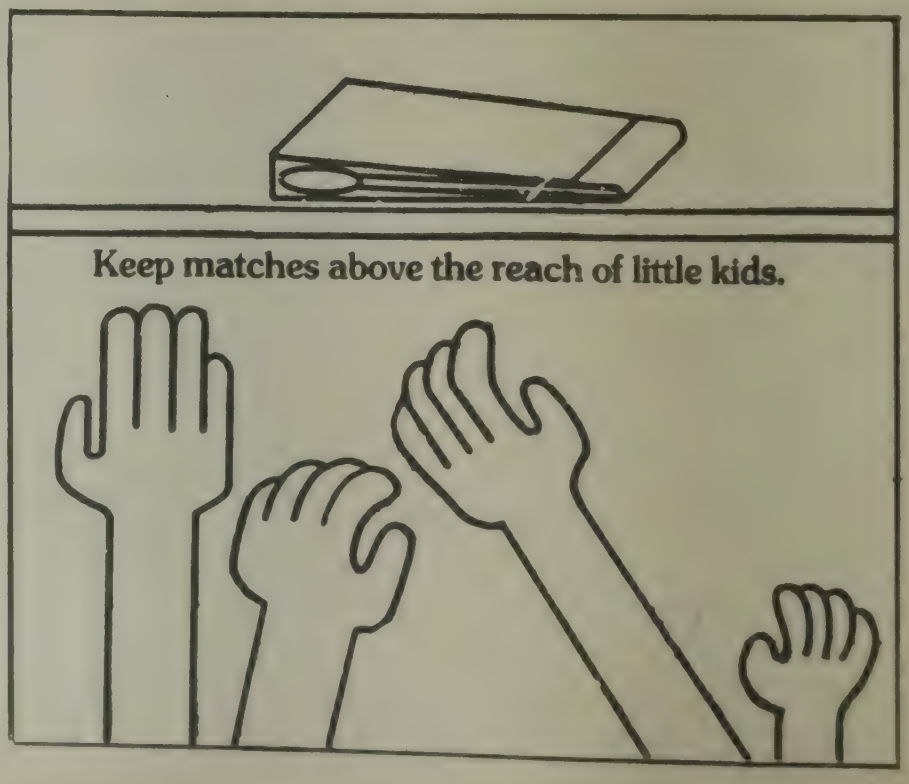
MATCH-STICKS AND CIGARETTE BUTTS

These are notorious fire starters. This is specially true of furniture fires as also those of the dust-bin. In the kitchen after lighting the gas, the matchstick is just thrown into the dust-bin. The dust-bin usually has an assortment of waste material such as paper, vegetable and potato peels, rags, etc. There is just a chance that the match-stick is still burning, in which case it could start a fire. This is equally applicable to cigarette stubs not fully burnt out. The best solution to prevent such hazards is to have ash-trays half filled with water handy, and one of them can be used in the kitchen too for match-stick disposal. So too, metal trash cans would be safer than the plastic ones used in most homes.

LPG COOKING GAS HAZARDS

LPG is butane or propane stored as a liquid under pressure. A small leak can produce a large volume of highly inflammable gas. This gas is heavier than air so that it collects at the ground level. It can be even ignited at a considerable distance from the source of the leak. When it mixes with air, it reaches such a flammable stage that even a tiny electric spark is sufficient to cause a fire or an explosion. Therefore, the valve of the gas cylinder should be always turned off as soon as one is through with its use.

Make sure that the delivery boy check for leakage at the time of replacement of empty cylinders with filled ones. Because LPG has a peculiar smell,



Keep matches above the reach of little kids.

if there is a leakage, you will notice instantly. Close the cylinder valve and open out all the doors and windows. If the leak cannot be stopped by closing the valve, arrange to have the cylinder removed to an open space. Then notify your supplier immediately and get his mechanic to deal with the problem, or call the fire brigade.

Never attempt to trace a leak by means of a naked flame.

Most of the packs use fluorinated hydro-carbon propellants and chlorinated compounds in the form of liquefied gases. These are non inflammable. Some of the packs however use propane and butane, which are highly inflammable. Not only the propellant, but even the product packaged in an aerosol dispenser may be inflammable. For example, hair lacquer may contain a large proportion of ethyl alcohol; and even combustible material with a fairly high flash-point such as oil can form explosive mists when dispersed in the form of a spray.

Turn pot handles so kids can't pull pots down.

CHECK-LIST FOR FIRE SAFETY IN HOMES

1. **Are matches and lighters kept out of the reach of children?**
2. **Are sufficient ash-trays kept in the drawing room?**
3. **Are cigarette ends properly stubbed out in ash-trays?**
4. **After lighting the gas/stove is the match-stick fully put out before tossing it in the dustbin?**
5. **Do you use a metal dustbin?**
6. **Are your pot/pan handles always turned in?**
7. **Do you make sure that children are not around when you are carrying hot liquids?**
8. **Is the cylinder valve closed after your work on the stove is over?**
9. **Is kerosene stored in a metal-can with a proper lid?**
10. **Are you sure that there is no possibility of lighted joss-sticks, oil lamps and candles from your place of worship falling on to combustible materials?**
11. **Have you ensured that your aerosol products (hair spray, lighter fuel) are not exposed to heat and strong sunlight?**
12. **Is the burning mosquito coil placed on a non-combustible stand in a safe position where it is not likely to get in touch with a fallen bedsheet, pillow or clothes?**

You should be able to answer "YES" to all the questions. If there are any "NO'S", take action right away to set matters right.

STOVE EXPLOSIONS

Kerosene stoves also present a fire hazard. Most of the kerosene-stove fires result from improper use of stoves. Over-pressurising the stove is positively dangerous. Wick-stoves are safer to use than pressure stoves. Kerosene should be filled into a stove only after it is put out. Kerosene should be stored preferably in metal containers.

INFLAMMABLE LIQUIDS

In a number of homes, quite a few inflammable liquids are being increasingly used. Take for instance petrol — for cleaning typewriters, furniture and for removing stains off clothes, turpentine, paints, varnishes for painting and polishing purposes, lighter fuel, etc. These liquids can lead to fire incidents on account of their inflammable properties. Use them with great care and store them in the smallest quantity needed. Use air-tight metal cans for their storage.

COSMETIC HAZARDS

Cosmetics such as hair lacquer/hair spray, perfumes, etc. packed in aerosol dispensers have found their way into a number of Indian homes too.

Aerosol packages do present a potential fire and explosion risk.

Store liquids like paint, turpentine, petrol, in air-tight metal containers, away from heat.

Care must therefore be taken to ensure that these sprays are kept away from ignition sources and are not used in the presence of heat. They should be used in well-ventilated rooms and kept in a cool place out of direct sunlight.

TOWARDS SAFER HOMES

A fire in a home — irrespective of its dimensions — is an unnerving experience. It is a crisis situation wherein we are caught absolutely unawares. Naturally, we lose our nerve and get panicky. You can easily tackle the problem by not giving fire a place to start. The check-points outlined for you in the earlier article on "Electrical Fire Hazards" at home and the fire hazards given here should help you be constantly conscious of the factors that create such hazards. By being careful and safety conscious, you can do a lot in seeing that the house is not on fire. This way our home would be safer — for us and for our families.

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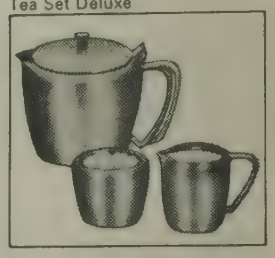
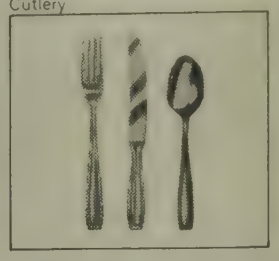
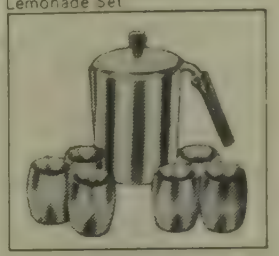


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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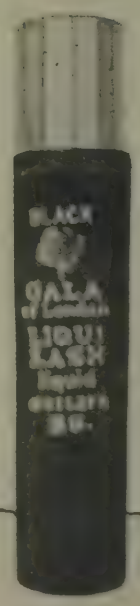

THE CRACKED WINDOW PANE

Manju Mohotra

THERE WAS THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OUTSIDE. LIKE TONIGHT, EVERY NIGHT SHE WAITED, DREADING THE HOUR WHEN HE WOULD FINALLY UTTER THE FATAL WORDS

RUHI was half lying on her bed and watching the cracked window pane of her bedroom. Lately, she had become very superstitious about it. Three days back she had had an argument over it with Nikhil. He had been taking the measurements of the window pane.

"What are you doing?" Ruhi had asked.

"Can't you see this pane has to be replaced? It's cracked," Nikhil had replied impatiently.

"Don't you dare replace the pane. It's on my side of the bed and I don't mind it. You can't throw away or change everything that is cracked or broken," Ruhi objected with tears in her eyes. Nikhil was in no mood to pick up a fight so he had left her to sulk.

The door bell rang and she brought her thoughts back to the present. It was past midnight. Nikhil had probably come back from another one of his late parties. They were becoming more and more frequent lately. She heard the door being opened by their maid Shanti. Ruhi had always loved to run down the steps, to open the door for him. Nikhil would take her in his arms and kiss her Well, that was all gone now! She heard Nikhil coming up. She forced a smile on her lips.

"Hello," she said.

"Who the hell told you to wait for me?" Nikhil snarled. "I know, you want to make me feel guilty, that is why you do this. But don't worry, all these tactics do not bother me." He changed into a white khadi kurta and pyjamas and, after washing his hands, face and feet got into bed. Within seconds, he was snoring. Ruhi lay awake the whole night, but that was nothing unusual.

Next morning, while Nikhil was dressing for office, he accidentally brushed against the glass peacock. It fell on the floor and broke into pieces. It did not bother him a bit. He picked up his brief-case and was about to leave, when Ruhi's voice stopped him.

"Nikhil, doesn't it make any difference to you? You have broken the peacock which I have always adored so much."

"There is nothing to get sentimental about. It was just a minor decoration." he said indifferently and left.

"You'll never understand, Nikhil. You're always blinded by new things and old ones mean nothing to you," Ruhi murmured to herself and called the maid to collect the broken pieces. The peacock had been Nikhil's first gift to her. Memories flooded her mind.

* * *

It was when she was doing her B.A. (Hons.) in Psychology that she had met Nikhil. Her father had been posted from Delhi and she had to move into the hostel. Her room-mate, Mrigya, was going around with a boy called Anil. One day, Mrigya asked Ruhi to complete a foursome for a New Year dance with Anil's friend who had come down from Lucknow. Ruhi agreed to go along after some persuasion.

Anil's friend was a tall, rugged young man with an easy smile. She was spell-bound by his charm and aplomb. He was the typical casual, care-free man of the modern world. When they were dancing on the floor, Nikhil said, "You are beautiful." Ruhi was taken aback for a second. He had hardly known her for a few minutes and he was paying her compliments so freely already! But she knew from the voice that he had meant it. They danced for some time, but came back to their table when the band started playing slower numbers.

Anil and Mrigya were on the dance floor. Suddenly there was nothing to talk about. Their eyes met for a few seconds and they became very conscious of each other. The band was playing "The Last Waltz". Finally, Nikhil broke the silence, "Come on Ruhi, let's dance some more. It's a beautiful number."

"Oh no, I'm terrible at slow numbers. I am too clumsy. I keep trampling on my partner's toes. Please don't insist," pleaded Ruhi.

"Come on, be a sport. Do get up, I won't mind even if you trample all over me." Saying this he pulled her up. Nikhil proved a superb partner. They just glided along the floor. Ruhi closed her eyes and he held her really close. She enjoyed every second of this.

After that night, Nikhil kept dropping in at the hostel often. The two would go for long drives in his new Triumph. They became very close to each other and their romance bloomed like a flower in spring. Nikhil finally thought it was time to go home and seek his parents' consent to their marriage. He was gone for fifteen days and when he returned his face was grave. Ruhi learnt that his parents had not agreed to the match as they were against inter-caste marriages. But Nikhil had decided to go against their wishes and snap his ties with his family.

"I'm so happy I took the right decision, Ruhi, my love. I can't stay without you. Will you marry me?" he asked hesitantly.

Ruhi was aware that her orthodox parents too would object to the marriage, and in her case the decision was much more difficult. She was the only daughter of her parents, the apple of their eye. To break away with them would mean a severe wrench. But she was madly in love with this man and he had made a sacrifice for her. She could do no less. "Yes, Nikhil, I too will sever my family ties. I want to marry you," she whispered.

The next day, she ran away from the hostel and married Nikhil. They had a civil marriage. His parents never forgave him for this. Even her parents took one year to get over their estrangement. In her last letter she had written to them about her condition. She was in her

THE CRACKED WINDOW PANE

seventh month of pregnancy. By now her parents' anger had given place to longing to see their darling daughter and they only needed an excuse to forgive her. They had found one now and sent a telegram that they were coming.

Ruhi had been in high spirits that morning. Her parents were coming. It was a Sunday and Nikhil always slept late. It was quite a job getting him out of bed. She sprinkled some water on his face, but he only shut his eyes more tightly.

"Nikhil, get up. Only half an hour is left for the plane to arrive," she urged anxiously. But, his eyes still closed, Nikhil pulled her to him and pleaded, "Be a darling Ruhi. You take the car. I have a terrible hangover from last night's party."

Ruhi looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes' drive to the airport. She could manage it if she left immediately. There was no point in wasting more time in arguing. Taking the car keys, she told Nikhil, "At least be ready before we get back. I'll make some excuse for you."

She got into the car. Her fingers automatically reached for the car radio and music flooded the interior. Thank God, there was not much traffic on the road. She was always a nervous driver. The songs stopped for the news in Hindi. How she hated this ten minutes' break! Then suddenly her ears picked up a news item. There had been an air crash — yes, the same flight by which her parents were coming! The announcer was saying, "All the passengers are feared dead."

Ruhi felt faint. She saw a truck coming from the opposite direction, but she had lost her muscular co-ordination. She tried to swerve the car, but couldn't do it. She heard a loud crash and fainted. She woke up in the hospital, several hours later. Her brain was still dizzy. She tried to get up, but couldn't. She saw Nikhil sitting near her. She was almost smiling, when she remembered the air-crash and her parents — they were dead! She gave a loud cry and wept till she couldn't any more.

She made another attempt to draw herself up, but again she did not succeed. She looked at Nikhil questioningly. He was debating whether to tell her the truth or not. He finally brought himself to say, "Don't worry Ruhi, everything will be fine. You see, when you met with the accident, the car caught fire and by the time people managed to free you, your legs had been burnt severely. So they had to be amputated, but Ruhi, just think, it could have been worse. It's a miracle you are alive. Thank God for that."

"Thank God? For what, Nikhil? For taking away my parents? For leaving me a cripple? No Nikhil, I don't want to live I have nothing to live for now," Ruhi sobbed.

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"Don't be so disheartened darling. There are so many much worse off than us. Please take courage, my love, you must live. You can't succumb to despair. you're so young," Nikhil tried to console her.

Ruhi had an abortion, and recovery was slow, but finally she was back home. Little things and old memories brought frequent tears to her eyes. The old zest for life was gone. She could only think of her tragedy. Her old laughter had vanished, her smile had a hint of unshed tears. Gradually her social life shrank, as friends stopped visiting them. They felt so unwelcome, so unneeded, as if she found her sorrow company enough for her. And there was inevitably a change in Nikhil's behaviour also. He went out alone and came home late from parties. She was a cripple now, moving on crutches. She was no longer an asset to him in his career. On the contrary she was a liability.

A month back, two officers from Nikhil's office had personally come over and requested her to come to the party they were giving for a retiring director of the company. She agreed after a lot of persuasion. Nikhil was not happy when he learnt about this, but he didn't say anything and they went to the party. Leaving Ruhi on a sofa, he headed straight for the bar. She sat huddled up in the corner, sipping a lemonade. The music was blaring in the room. Then she heard the record change to "The Last Waltz", their old favourite. She half expected Nikhil to come and ask her for a dance. Absurd, of course, she realised with a wan smile.

Then she saw Nikhil dancing with a pretty young woman, an office employee called Gina. They were thoroughly engrossed in each other, unaware of Ruhi or their surroundings. It was like a sharp stabbing pain for Ruhi to see her Nikhil dancing so happily with someone else. She was reminded of their first meeting and was lost in her world of memories, when Nikhil came to take her home. Thank God, she felt, at least he hadn't forgotten to do that!

After that party, the gap between them widened. He started spending more and more time out and would only return late in the night, sometimes not even that. She knew she had lost him to Gina. She simply dreaded the day he would tell her that he would leave her. Where would she go? Like tonight, every night she waited, dreading the hour when he would finally utter the fatal words.

* * *

There was thunder and lightning outside. It was well past midnight. She wondered where Nikhil was in this wild night. She stared out through the cracked window pane. Then she heard the sound of a car pulling up, Nikhil's footsteps coming up. He entered the room. She looked up. He wasn't looking his usual bouncing, self-confident self. There was a look of furtive guilt like a small boy caught stealing jam. Suddenly hope burgeoned in Ruhi's heart, a ray of sunshine pierced her grey existence. He took long strides towards her. He was sorry for what he had been doing, he had realised the wrong he had done her. She could hear the heart-beats loud and clear. She closed her eyes.

He was standing close to her now. She waited for him to take her in his strong arms. When nothing happened, she opened her eyes — Nikhil was pulling out a suitcase from underneath the bed. He started throwing in a few of his shirts and other odd things. The truth then dawned on her, but she didn't want to break the silence. She knew now that the gulf between them was too wide to be bridged. He shut the suitcase and said mechanically, with no feeling in his voice, "Ruhi, I honestly tried for one year, but it doesn't work. I have someone else now, I am leaving you."

He picked up the suitcase and was gone. Ruhi sat up to call him back. But no, it was no use now. She could never get him back. Then there was suddenly a flash of lightning which nearly blinded her. The crack in the window pane was now a gaping hole and pieces of glass lay scattered near her bed.

RAJ BABBAR:
INSTANT STARDOM?

Jyothi Venkatesh

His first film "Insaf Ka Tarazu", is yet to be released, yet Raj Babbar is already a star. Distributors show a marked preference for him and producers are vying with one another to get him to sign on the dotted line. As a result, Raj Babbar has not less than twenty movies on the floors today, a majority of them opposite big names like Hema Malini, Zeenat Aman, Rekha, Raakhee, Neetu Singh, etc.

In order to do justice to his various commitments, Raj has started shooting double and triple shifts. For this interview, I met him on his "Aap To Aise Na The" set at the Hotel Poonam International where he was shooting with Ranjeeta, Tamanna and Deepak Parashar. After the pack-up, we proceeded to Carter Road where he was scheduled to put in a small guest appearance for the Lekh Tandon directed "Sharda", which incidentally was one of the first films that he had signed for in Bombay as a struggling aspirant.

The credit for discovering Raj Babbar ought to go to B. R. Chopra, the new star told me. "It was Choprasaab who signed me to play the lead in his 'Kahani' opposite Kim even before Salim-Javed saw my play 'Nadir Shah' in Delhi, where I was actively associated with the National School of Drama. Choprasaab did my audition test at Hotel Ashoka. At that time he told me that he was making a small budget film called 'Pati Patni Aur Woh' and wanted me to wait till the film was released as he was unsure about the acceptance of the film by the public."

It was later that Salim-Javed asked him to come to Bombay and, Raj said, "As I was toying with the idea of coming down to Bombay, Mr. Prakash Mehra saw my performance in a TV play in Delhi and he too asked me to come down to Bombay. I came here on January 1, 1979."

Raj was astonished to find the red carpet waiting for him in Bombay. He had become a star even before he began approaching producers for roles. Prakash Mehra signed him for his "Jwalamukhi". B. R. Chopra signed him for his "Insaf Ka Tarazu" in which he is slated to do a negative role. Then followed offers for Mohan Sehgal's "Daulat", Rajshri's "Jasbat", etc. Today Raj Babbar's films include "Hum Teeno" with Hema Malini, "Mano Ya Na Mano" with Neetu, "Sau Din Saas Ke" with Reena Roy, "Umrao Jaan" with Rekha, "Betaab" with Raakhee To put it in a nut shell, Raj is working today with every established heroine in the industry from Sarika to Hema Malini.

"What matters to me is the role and not the length of the roles. What is the point in doing a role which has no impact on the audience even though it occupies the screen for a long time? I am prepared to do different types of roles instead of saddling myself with a set image. The taste of the audience is changing from one day to another. If you are stuck with an image, you limit your roles to just one type."

Raj prefers to do dramatic roles. "Well defined characters interest me. Not for me the routine leading roles where one wouldn't get any scope for improvisation. One of the main reasons I hesitate to sign more films is that most of the proposals that I receive are for multi-star extravaganzas which are star oriented and not character oriented."

Raj denies that he is on a signing spree accepting every role that comes his way. "I am definitely choosey about my assignments, because I do not want to be saddled with inane roles however big the banners. I agree to do a film only if I like the role. Believe it or not, recently I had to turn down a film with Rekha because I had nothing to do in the film. It was completely heroine oriented. And I do not insist on being teamed with only big stars like Hema, Zeenat and Rekha. I do have films with Rameshwari, Ranjeeta and Tamanna."

As if to prove that he doesn't really bother about creating an image of himself as a romantic bachelor boy, Raj nonchalantly announces that he is a married man with a four-year-old daughter back home in Delhi. He is now planning to shift into his own apartment at Juhu and is all set to bring his wife and daughter to Bombay.

Amidst his hectic schedule in Bombay, Raj has also worked in a Punjabi film called "Chand Pardesi" with Kulbushan Karbanda, Om Puri and Rama Vij. "It is an off-beat film being made by some of my friends and hence I agreed to do it for friendship's sake; I have no intention of taking up regional films at this stage of my career. I want to help myself before I set out to help others, especially the regional film makers." Raj chuckled.

Judged by the demand for him in the Industry, Raj has it made. But then knowing the vagaries of our film industry, "Insaf Ka Tarazu" may well decide his fate as a front-rank star. But he has the talent and the breaks.

Photograph Abner Bhastekar

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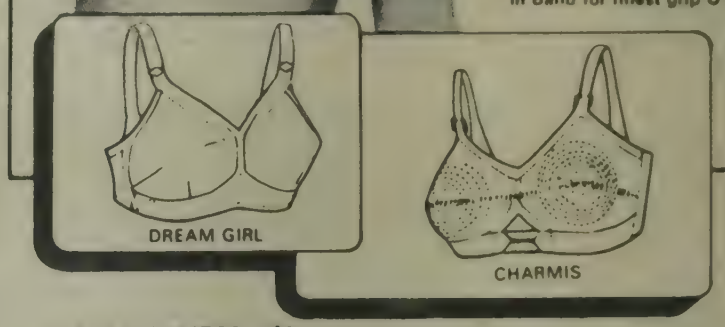

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A MATTER OF ARRANGEMENT

Homi Kharas

Twins in the family always call for a picture. How alike! A nice looking snapshot, but I should like to draw your attention to one aspect of pictorial arrangement. Both the heads are placed at the same height and same distance. This gives the photograph an element of monotony which needs to be broken.

Now look at the second picture. Although both the figures are staring at the camera there is something nice about this study. The heads are at different levels and one figure is placed behind the other so that it gives prominence to the one in front. It is certainly a more pleasing and interesting study than the first snapshot.

Decide in advance which of the various elements in your picture should get importance. Then arrange your subject accordingly.

THE LADDOO IS SWEET

Doe Nair

There was more than usual activity on the lawns of the big white house with monsterea climbing its columns and bougainvillaea splashing its ivory walls with bright, tropical colours. Uniformed waiters were everywhere, arranging chairs, fixing gay garden umbrellas and laying out tables. It was a great occasion — the eighth birthday of the Kapoors' only child, Sameer. He was the pride and joy of his parents. Born after fifteen years of prayer, fasting and penance, his birth had proved his mother's womanhood and had forever silenced the doubts that nagged her in-laws and relatives.

As befits the heir to a large fortune, Sameer's birthday was celebrated with great pomp and splendour. The morning found the parents doling out large sums of money to religious institutions and charitable organisations who bestowed their blessings on the boy and showered praise on his parents.

The birthday lunch was attended by members of the family who travelled from far and near largely to curry favour with their rich relations but they found that the feast itself was worth the journey. It was not often that they could savour such sumptuous fare. But Sameer looked forward to the evening when he was to host a party for his classmates and friends. No grown-ups were to join this party. It was elaborately planned by his doting mother. This year his friends were coming dressed as Red Indians and a Red Indian settlement had come up in the large compound. There was a canoe in the swimming pool and tepees and totem poles dotted the lawn. The party promised to be real fun.

At four in the evening many Big Chiefs with head dresses of feather trailing to the ground arrived with attractive, giggling mini squaws. With war paint smeared all over their face and tomahawks in hand, the warriors looked ferocious. But as the party progressed, the headgears came off and the tomahawks were laid aside. A Treasure Hunt kept them busy and excited. Their laughter and shrieks of delight filled the [illegible]

Walking outside along the boundary wall of the house was another little boy of indeterminate age. He was small built, scruffy, lean and hungry. He had emerged from the unused sewage pipe in which his family lived, in search of food. Hearing the laughter of children he climbed the wall to look at the merrymakers. He saw children in strange clothes running from place to place, looking under chairs, tables and stones in search of something. They had obviously lost something he concluded, but they laughed as they looked for it. He was amazed they could laugh about losing something and remembered his mother giving him a merciless thrashing when he had lost a six-paise coin she had given him to buy paan.

"Strange people," he said to himself and continued looking at them. So engrossed was he in gaping at the weirdly dressed boys and girls that he didn't see the durwan come at him with his stick raised to strike. He felt its sting across his knuckles and yowled with pain and surprise. Instinctively he jumped off the wall and ran some distance away rubbing his sore hand. He sat there with his back to the wall, his hurt knuckles in his mouth. Tears streaked his dirt caked face and he sat crying for a long time.

But he had the resilience of the young and, burning with curiosity to know if the children found what they'd lost, he came creeping along the wall. But the sound of laughter on the other side had ceased. This egged him on to closer investigation. He approached the huge wrought iron gate and peered through the bars, but the trees and shrubs obstructed his view.

Unable to contain his curiosity, he scrambled over the gate and saw the children sitting round the pond — eating!

He grew conscious of his own unfed stomach and attempted to soothe the gnawing emptiness by rubbing his abdomen.

"Arre," said a stentorian voice from somewhere near him. "You're back again? Wait till I get my hands on you."

Remembering the blow that still hurt, the boy screamed with fright and scrambled up into a tree growing inside the gate. It was tall and sturdy, and he climbed to the safety of its higher branches. From below, the durwan shouted at him dire threats and with each threat the boy's screams became louder. His cries brought Mrs. Kapoor and the children to the gate.

"Memsahib," said the agitated durwan, "that filthy boy up there has been hanging around the house for the last two hours. First he climbed the wall and now he's dared actually to come inside. I'll break his bones. He's a thief . . ."

"No, no, memsahibji, I'm not a thief. I don't want to steal anything," the boy pleaded.

"Liar!" said the durwan, "Just wait . . ."

"Memsahibji," the boy whimpered helplessly, "I don't want to steal anything. Please believe me." And he looked into her eyes, and she believed him. His helplessness cut her to the quick.

"Come down, child," she ordered gently, and understanding the terror in his mind, she added, "No one will hurt you. Come, I promise no one will hurt you."

It was some time before he could be persuaded to climb down and then he stood trembling hugging the tree. Taking a laddoo from a plate being carried by one of the children, Mrs. Kapoor gave it to him. "Here, eat this laddoo and be happy," she told him.

Everyday he had seen these round, yellow objects piled high in the halwai's shop. He remembered having once asked for one and being driven away with an oath and foul abuse. Today he held one in his hand. It was unbelievable! So excited was he that he clutched it too hard, and the fresh home made laddoo crumpled, oozing warm syrupy ghee that rickled through his fingers. He licked his fingers and relishing the taste of something new, be exclaimed, "The laddoo is sweet!"

The children round him were bewildered and surprised, "What an oaf! He doesn't even know laddoos are sweet," one jeered as the crumpled laddoo disappeared noisily into the boy's mouth.

"Shee, shee! He doesn't even know how to eat. Come on, I'll race you to the pool. The first to get there will ride the canoe." And all of them except Sameer ran to the pool, the boy forgotten.

"Wait here," said Sameer turning to the boy and ran into the house. He came out a little later with a paper bag full of laddoos. Thrusting it into the boy's hands he said, "These are for you and your mother."

Sameer had truly celebrated his birthday.

FLORAL EXPRESSIONS

Ryuzo Ishikawa and Takashi Nakabayashi, Masters of the Sogetsu School of Ikabana from Japan, gave an interesting demonstration of their art in Bombay. We have featured here a few fascinating arrangements with the deft use of flowers, greens and attractive containers. These new styles offer greater scope for individual expression.

The 400-year-old traditional floral art of Japan adhered to rigid rules and set forms, to the tradition-bound styles and use of material.

The Sogetsu School, founded by Sofu Teshigahara in 1928, was the first to introduce driftwood, glass, metal and plastic into floral compositions, to give the art enough flexibility to adapt itself to changing lifestyles. The effect is varied and colourful as is evident from the arrangements shown here.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

TYING THE WEDDING

As holiday makers take the bus from Jammu to Srinagar, they pass a sprawling village, Nagrota, astride the national highway about 13 km out of Jammu. A lot of construction work seemed to be going on here, mostly in the last stages of completion. A strange phenomenon in the Jammu division of the State of Jammu and Kashmir is that nearly all construction work — buildings, road making maintenance, tunnelings — is done by an immigrant labour force imported from Madhya Pradesh.

At first sight this appears curious, considering the very limited employment opportunties available to the Dogras of Jammu who have little arable land in their rugged mountainous terrain. But on questioning, one is told that Dogras spurn such menial employment owing to a perhaps misplaced pride in their martial traditions. Construction contractors also say that if at all labour is recruited from among the local Dogras population, it costs Rs 15 to 20 per man per day. According to tradition, Dogra women do not work on outside jobs. Labour from Madhya Pradesh costs approximately Rs. 6 to Rs. 7 per day, and men, women and children, all work.

A labour contractor recruits these families from Madhya Pradesh. Small jhuggi colonies with hovels six feet by five and less than five feet high have sprung up just off the main highway near the construction sites. The immigrant population consists of about 200 such families spread over 6/7 jhuggi colonies at Nagrota. All these men and women come from the Chattarpur Zilla near Jhansi in Madhya Pradesh. They belong to the Ahirwar community and are followers of Guru Ravi Das.

If one were to walk into one of these jhuggi colonies at about midday, one would find few adults. The screams of a few children running between the huts break the silence. These bedraggled youngsters amuse themselves by pelting stones at each other or some other harmless mischief. When a well-dressed stranger goes there, the children gather around her and watch curiously. They are used to an occasional Army Officer's wife coming along to gather them under the shade of a tree and teach them numbers and a bit of Hindi. All the men, women, and children above 12 years had gone to work. Children between 7 and 11 years are left behind to fend for themselves from 8 a.m. to after 9 p.m.

These children eat some chappaties left behind by their mothers. Some of the older children can even roast a roti for themselves. But their main meal, which consists usually of chappatis and chutni, is in the evening when the mother comes home and cooks for them. During the day, they chase each other or else rummage in the rubbish heaps or in the adjoining nullah for bits of iron. After midday a man selling monkey nuts comes along. The children exchange these bits of scrap metal for a handful of the nuts. Of course, the trader makes a tidy profit from the barter. The day's packings of each child must be worth over a rupee and the monkey nuts they get are worth only a few paise.

While talking to the dozen odd boys and girls left behind in a compound housing 70 or so families, the only adult woman who had not gone to work, Munia, wife of Mohan, who is a jamadar or overseer, told me that nearly all the little boys and girls gathered around us were married! Munia used to work herself too, but this year she had not gone to work.

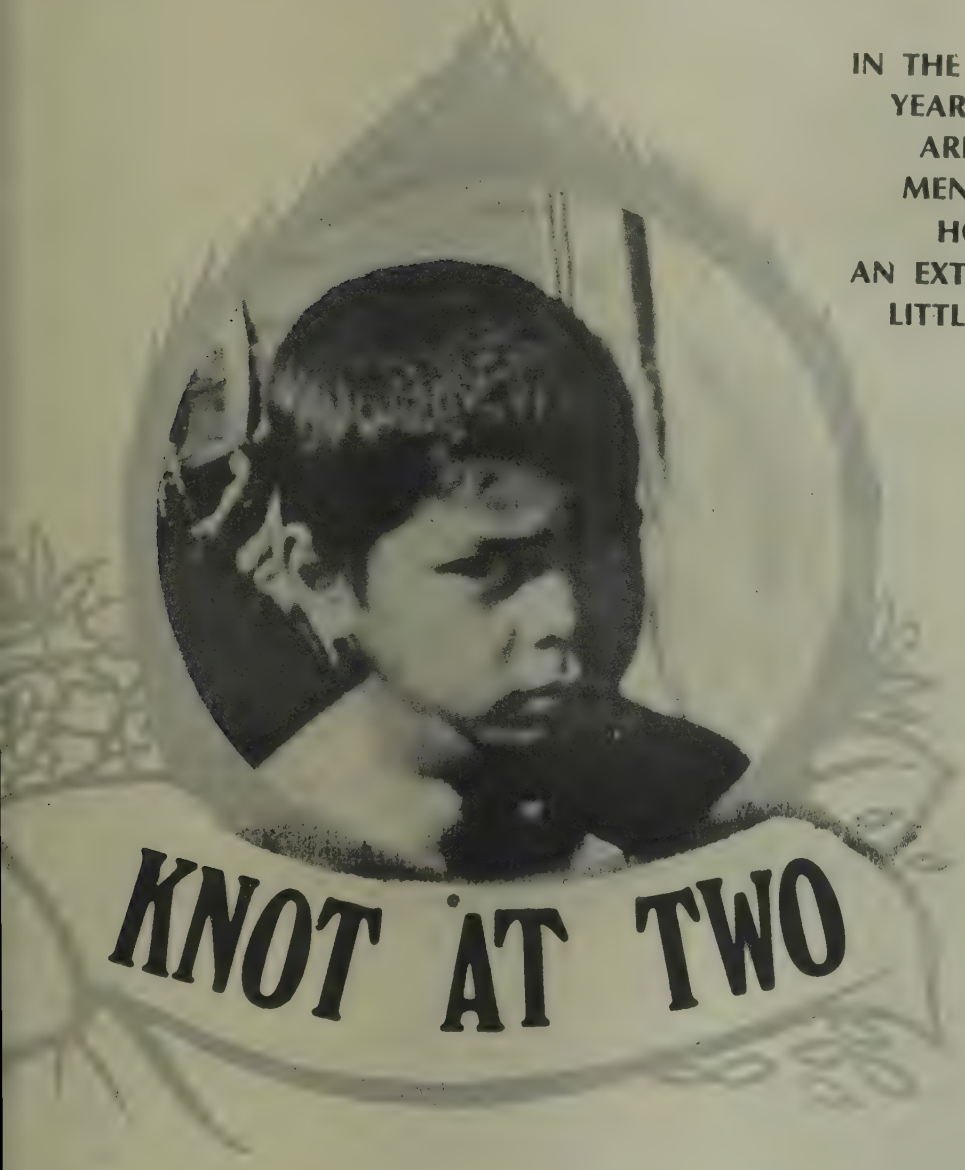
Munia and Mohan have been married for over twelve years, but she said ruefully that they have only one child, Lakhan Lal, aged six. Dressed in a flowered shirt, he was pulled forward from behind his mother's saree. His hair was well oiled and he was better dressed than the other kids, but was dull looking. Aged six, Lakhan Lal, his mother said proudly, was married with great pomp and ceremony about three months ago. Mohan spent 20,000 on the wedding!

Both Mohan and Munia have been in Jammu working at various construction projects for ten years now and have never gone home. They married their only son to the daughter of a labourer from the jhuggi colony a kilometer away on the other side of the road, and spent all the money they had earned in their ten years of labour. Why did they marry their son so young? Munia did not know exactly why. She said that people kept pressing Mohan that a man in his position ought to get his son married soon. The bride's father came to look at Lakhan Lal, then 5, and approved of him.

People pressed Mohan to agree. What was Rs. 20,000 spent on? (The amount mentioned by Munia sounds so extravagant considering their general air of poverty.) But then izzat demanded it. There was a two-day feast held for 500 to 700 guests because Mohan is a jamadar and had to keep up his high status in the community. Then the bride was given three tolas of gold, clothes, etc.

Jagannath is a munshi and doles out wages to the labourers at the end of every fortnight. He had been bathing under the only tap at the far end of the compound. Having finished his ablutions he came on his cycle, officious looking, to find out what all the commotion was about. He explained that these families from M.P. come for two or three years to work on the construction sites. Only the men are hired, but the women and also all the children above 12 work. Otherwise it is not worthwhile for the family to come all the way from home. The man earns about Rs. 6.50 per day for eight hours of work. The women, who are mainly employed in carrying baskets of earth, are paid Rs. 5.50 per day. Children above 12 are paid Rs. 4 a day.

Women take along with them to the work site their very small babies. Girls aged 5/6 years also tag along with the parents to look after the babies. Jagannath said that all the families save as much money as they can and send home Rs. 100 to Rs. 200 every second month. In the month of April every year, the labour colonies are almost empty. Nearly all the menfolk and some women too go home to Chattarpur for marriages. Whose marriages? Why, the children's marriages of course. Then the labour force returns to Nagrota in July after the marriages of their small children, boys and



KNOT AT TWO

IN THE MONTH OF APRIL EVERY YEAR, THE LABOUR COLONIES ARE EMPTY BECAUSE THE MENFOLK AND WOMEN GO HOME TO CELEBRATE IN AN EXTRAVAGANT MANNER THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN'S MARRIAGES

Indira Awasty

girls, have been performed "back home." These jhuggies, Jagannath explained, are given to the labourers by the contractor. Each family has about 4/5 children. They cook, eat, sleep, store fuel in these hovels in which a man or woman cannot stand upright. Sometimes the spouses of their children too are added to the family.

Mathura, seven years old, was repeating parrot like the alphabets in Hindi. Her father and eldest brother Shamlal, had gone to Chattarpur to repair their house which was damaged in last year's floods. Shamlal, aged 17, will bring home his wife whom he married 8/9 years ago at Chattarpur. He studied up to the eight class and now works on construction jobs. Mathura's eldest sister is 19 years old, was married 8/9 years ago, is uneducated and has three children. She has another brother Gokul, who is 12 years old and has studied upto class four. He too works on the construction job. Mathura is engaged and will be married this year or the next.

An Army wife who is teaching a depleted class of five or six children, explained that these people are just not interested in educating their children. Mrs. Natu, a senior Army officer's wife, who had started this little school, had with great difficulty persuaded the parents of eight children to enrol their older girls and boys in it, but only two attended the school regularly. The others go to school sporadically. The conservatism among those people is such that when free uniforms of salvar-kameez were given to the school going girls, there was a hue and cry in the labour community about this being indecent.

Then there was 11-year-old Muliva, who was trying to concentrate on a primer. She was married four years ago. Munia explains that the boy husband is a cowherd in Chattarpur and must be about 15 years old. On being asked whether any children married so early are abandoned by their spouse, Munia said some are. The boy's side or the girl's side may get higher offers of money, but it is not a common occurrence. The members of the Community, who are witnesses to the marriage do not allow this to happen too frequently.

Just then Panchem, a mason who earns Rs. 600 a month entered the scene. He had come to fetch something. His wife works as a common labourer. He pulled out a boy about two years old from among the group clustered around us, dressed only in a black thread around his waist. On being told that the writer was investigating the marriage customs of his community, he said that he was being pestered for the hand of his two-year-old son! But he himself was more worried about the marriage of his daughter, Sushila, aged 6.

Sushila is a bright little girl who was reading rapidly from her textbook. She lifted her doe shaped eyes uncomprehendingly, while her father railed against his bad luck in not having been able to arrange a marriage for her last year when she was five. **Now he will have to wait till she is seven. He explained that the auspicious years for marriage** are the odd years till 9, and then all the years are good. He said that the rich people in their community could get their children married early. "We look at the boy's father. If the father is doing well, then the boy will do well in life," was his simple genetic wisdom.

Yes, widow marriage is allowed and so is divorce, but it is very rare. Panchem had himself studied up to the 10th class and had been a teacher in Chattarpur earning Rs. 236. He said that his people came here to work because they get much higher wages. Back home, his community consisted mainly of landless labourers. They got seasonal work at Rs. 1.50 per day. And even that is not paid regularly. Most of the time they are beaten and driven away when they go to collect their wages.

Whatever the community earns here is sent home to repay loans, repair their homes, to buy cattle and on marriage. The main expense is on the marriage of their children. A girl's marriage costs a great deal — on feasting and on "dahej". Utensils, clothes, jewellery have to be given. The barat stays for three and half days and between 100 and 300 people are fed at every meal, and at one meal as much as 14 maunds of cereals may be consumed. Is this not a wasteful expense? It may be so, said Panchem, but "when I have eaten at weddings of other people's children, I must return their hospitality." Also, if he fails to do so, he may be ostracised.

Why do they marry their children so young? It is a tradition among them from time immemorial and nothing absolutely nothing, can break it. Has he not heard of the Child Marriage Act? "Memsahib," he said, "these laws may be for you, but they do not apply to us." When I pointed out to him the ills of child marriage, he looked at me as if I was talking gibberish. "Memsahib, if I do not marry my Sushila next year," he said "when she grows up to be 18, she will not find a good house. Will you guarantee that she will find a good match, or that she will not run away with a good for-nothing and bring disgrace upon my family?"

There is another reason why they marry the children young. They do not believe in love marriages. They think their children's future is secure only when they are married suitably by their wise parents. And early marriages prevent complications.

On being asked why they do not educate their children, particularly the girls, Panchem's reply was equally forthright. "Memsahib, what is the use of education?" he asked. "Our girls are only going to carry loads of earth whether they are educated or not. What is the use of this little school you are running here? Very soon we will be moving on to the next construction site, 7 kms away. There will be no school there."

These are of course only excuses to cover up their apathy towards their children, their fatalistic acceptance of their status as perpetual, as ordained by Providence. Every child who is able, is put to earning, and every child, male or female, is married by the time he or she is 11 years old.

So much for our social legislation! Unless a lot of sustained work on a large scale is put in to change the outlook of the whole community, nothing can be done about saving these children from the squalid life of ill-paid labour, loveless marriages, and mindless child bearing to which they are condemned.

FOR YOU—
AFTER 7 P.M.

LEFT : The way to look enchanting: A three-piece pant-suit in lovable pink. Off shouldered, tucked-in blouse can be worn with or without a long sleeved jacket. Also have a look at the shimmering two-piece outfit in light golden colour. The flounced top with yoke detail falls over a gathered skirt.

ABOVE: Lively dress in deep maroon with a self-embossed print — sleeveless, flared and with a plunging neckline for accent.

Evening time is the right time to entertain, to dine, to dance — to feel romantic, pretty and feminine in glamorous but comfortable clothes — in smooth, silky fabrics — satins, taffetas, chiffons and lovely crepe-de-chines. These pretty outfits will make you look ravishing after 7 p.m. and you are sure to become the cynosure of both admiring and envious eyes all around you. Varied lengths suitable for party wear in the evening — from midis to maxis and even salwar-pyjama suits. And the use of wonderful colours and self-prints make these beautiful dresses even more sensational for the night.

Courtesy : Dunhill Outfits, Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

LEFT : Go seductively feminine in these kurta-pyjama ensembles. Floral and geometrical prints in sober colours give each outfit a sophisticated look.

ABOVE: Nothing like opulence for your grand entrance! A figure hugging one-piece midi in flaming red with a Chinese collar and Magyar sleeves. Side slits and tiny show buttons add polish and a sense of style to the outfit.

Feature presented by Shanti Chopra.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

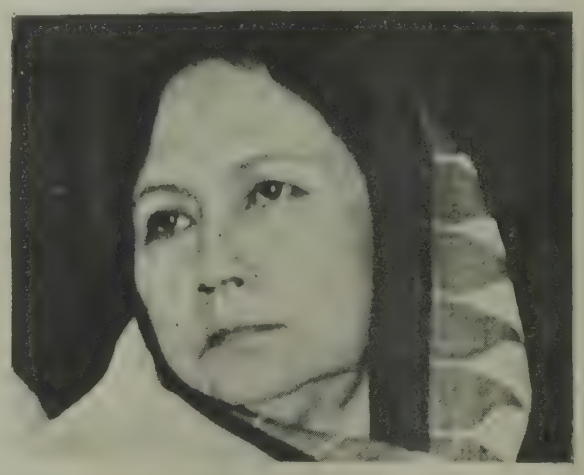
BINODINI DEVI

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYAL ROMANCE

M.K. Binodini Devi is a Manipuri writer with a multi-faceted personality. Committed as she is to the socio-economic and cultural development of Manipur, she thinks a writer must have the courage to present in her novels and short stories a point of view which is both objective and progressive, even if it is contrary to the prevailing mode of thought.

In February 1980, M.K. Binodini Devi received the Sahitya Akademi Award in New Delhi for her novel in Manipuri — **Borosaheb Ongbi Sanatombi.** Considered as "an outstanding contribution to Manipuri literature for its narrative power, graceful language, deep sympathy and understanding of human nature," the novel has a historical base and is a spellbinding account of a royal romance in Manipur in the early years of this century. Princess Sanatombi was the daughter of Jashomati — the third wife of Surchandra Chinglen Lanthaba who reigned over Manipur for four years in the latter part of the 19th century. He was dethroned by his younger brothers, and two years later in 1891, Manipur was annexed by the British. Major H. Maxwell, one of the main characters in the novel, was the first British Governor after Manipur was colonised. Referred to as the "Borosaheb" in the novel, he fell in love with Princess Sanatombi and their romance shocked the people of Manipur, for they hated the British who were all out to exploit the assets of the state to fill the coffers of the British Treasury.

It took Binodini ten years to research the novel but barely three months to write it. She met many people who were kind enough to share with her their impressions of the "Borosaheb" and Sanatombi. "In the many anecdotes and stories I encountered," Binodini said, "Sanatombi was praised while Maxwell was always derogated. There is a story told by the elders, — 'Sanatombi was ensnared by the black arts of the Borosaheb'. I had often wondered why a Meitei princess who had so recently felt the indignities rendered by British colonial rule should accept a member of the enemy as her chosen spouse. This intense curiosity made me write the novel — the end product of numerous excursions into imaginary possibilities. I did not bother about any so-called norms and parameters about how to write a novel. But Sanatombi was never a goddess to me — she was a woman who lived in the old and distinctive social milieau of Manipur, and who was involved in the political history of Manipur. She may have been a wanton who had broken through the limits of social conventionality, but to me she is a woman, who always had the interests of Manipur in mind. Her unconventional approach to marriage, in a state where polygamy is still a tradition, has become a legend. Princess Sanatombi was a married woman when she met Major Maxwell, a mature and capable officer of the British Government who had a wife in England. The orthodox Hindu Meitei society was extremely unhappy about her losing caste to a **pheringhee."**



While referring to the Sahitya Akademi Award, Binodini was all smiles. "The Award came to me as a delightful surprise. It will make my novel known to many readers in different parts of India, and if it is translated into English by the Sahitya Akademi it may interest foreign readers as well. I have also received some offers from film companies for the filming of my novel and I am quite thrilled by the idea. . ."

Binodini said that although being a writer in Manipur was very difficult, she finds immense fulfilment in her creative work. She regretted that it was not possible in Manipur or in any other state of India to earn one's living through writing alone. At present, she works as the Secretary of the Jawaharlal Nehru Manipur Dance Academy.

Manipuri literature has been flourishing since the 8th century A.D. With the adoption of the Assamese-Bengali script in the 18th century, the people used Bengali and Sanskrit for their literary creations. The movement for promoting the growth of Manipuri literature was patronised by Binodini's father, Maharaja Chudachand Singh who remained the titular head of Manipur 1891 — 1941) while it was being administered by the British. The kings of Manipur, she maintains, were great patrons of the arts and preserved the state's rich and ancient culture.

Binodini created a sensation with her first collection of short stories **Nungairakta Chandramukhi** (Chrysanthemum among the Rocks) which won the Jamini Sundar Guha Gold Medal in 1967. In 1979, Binodini Devi received the Padma Shri for her contribution to Manipuri literature.

Courteous and unassuming, Binodini recalled with a laugh: "As a girl I was interested in many things. I wrote my first short story when I was at school but my teacher didn't like it and scolded me, and after that I stopped writing stories and took up painting. . ." She is a graduate of Calcutta University and received her training in the Arts at Kala Bhavan, Santiniketan. Binodini studied painting under the guidance of Nandalal Bose and sculpture from Ramkinkar Baij.

"I didn't complete my course at Santiniketan because I fell in love with a Manipuri surgeon and got married. Then I had to take care of our two sons. Around 1961, I took up writing short stories again. My husband was most encouraging and helpful. I always like to write the entire short story in one sitting, then make corrections. When I am satisfied with the completed story I send it to a Manipuri magazine. All my stories have been accepted. I have not yet received a rejection slip from a Manipuri editor!"

Later, Binodini translated the Bengali plays of Tagore into Manipuri. Soon she was writing plays which were staged in Manipur. Since the 1960s new ideas have been tried out in a few experimental Manipuri theatres, demanding a new style of writing mostly under the influence of Badal Sircar. "Publication of a play always takes time in Manipur. The publishing business needs to be improved. There are few publishers in Manipur, and they do not publish more than one thousand or two thousand copies of a book."

Having published three books, Binodini has recently taken to writing screenplays. She wrote the screenplay for the very popular Manipuri film **Olangthaki Wangmadasoo.** Released in early 1980, the main theme of the film is the conflict of old and contemporary social values. It has been reported in Manipuri newspapers that even after the film had run for three weeks cinema tickets for this film continued to be sold at high prices in the black market. According to Binodini, Manipur has only produced eight films.

At fifty-eight, M. K. Binodini Devi's ambition is to write more short stories, novels, plays and screenplays. "I can't stop writing." she said with a smile.

Usha John

eve weekly / nalini SAREES

ANNOUNCE

THE WINNING COLLECTION

Here's another fantastic chance for our readers to win a fabulous wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive and most popular boutique, **NALINI SAREES,** to participate in the lucky draw and win prizes worth Rs. 20,000 in the form of readymade garments.

Look out for this feature every month from July 19 to December 1980. Clip and keep only the coupons which will be published along with the features. The six coupons collected will entitle the sender to participate in the lucky draw to be held by Eve's Weekly around February 1981.

So, here's your chance to be totally different and attractive in smart ensembles created to suit all ages and sizes. Ranging from sarees — chiffons, cottons and silks — to gorgeous midis and salwar-kameez ensembles.

Prizes are in the form of readymade garments from Nalini Sarees: 1st Prize — wardrobe valued at Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize — wardrobe valued at Rs. 5,000; 3rd Prize — wardrobe valued at Rs. 3,000; Plus 10 consolation prizes of outfits valued at Rs. 200 each. The garments available for selection are specially made for housewives, mod young women and children.

Start collecting your coupons from the **July 19, 1980** issue. The six coupons collected should be sent **in one lot** to the Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

DO NOT SEND INDIVIDUAL COUPONS

The decision of the Management, Eve's Weekly Ltd., will be final.

Watch out for our first feature in the issue dated July 19, 1980.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

(Dear Readers — This is ALL IN PUN. Before reading, please put away all lethal weapons. I'm not ready to die yet)

* * *

The two coin collectors got together for old dimes' sake.

* * *

When rain falls, it gets up again in dew time.

* * *

A dogma is a puppy's mummy.

* * *

Pity the man who couldn't find anyone to sing with. He went out and bought a duet yourself kit.

* * *

A psychiatrist is a Freud egg.

* * *

The Eskimos are God's frozen people.

* * *

Wrestling is the sport of clings.

* * *

There's no such thing as a civil engineer.

* * *

The British may not have a Blood Bank but they have a Liverpool.

* * *

Moron: What censors think the girls in movies should have.

* * *

Morsel : Oh, what foods these morsels be!

* * *

Stealing a myna bird is strictly a myna offense.

* * *

Cupid's aim is pretty good, but he still makes a lot of Mrs.

* * *

"Before we married, you used to call me an angel."

"I know it."

"And now you don't call me anything."

"Well, you ought to be glad that I possess so much self-control."

* * *

First Eskimo wife : "Does your husband stay out late during the winter nights?"

Second Eskimo wife : "Late! Why, last night he didn't get home until half past January."

* * *

Suresh : "Suzy married a self-made man, didn't she?"

Premila : "Yes, but she was compelled to make extensive changes."

* * *

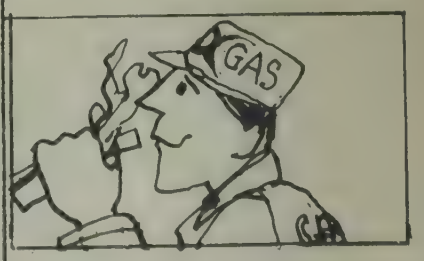
"My wife ran away with my best friend."

"Was he good looking?"

"I don't know. Never met the fellow."

* * *

Caller : "Good morning, Mrs. Shah. I'm from the gas



company. I understand there's something in the house that won't work?"

Mrs. Shah : "Yes, he's upstairs."

* * *

"Well, Sam, I see you're fighting with your wife once more. Liquor again?"

"No, Judge, this time she licked me."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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RICE—the indian way

Premila Lal

Rice, the favourite of millions, is the staple food in South India and Bengal. It is eaten on festive occasions in the North and other parts of India. Most commonly eaten boiled with heavily spiced curries, it plays a big role when made into delicious biryanis, khichedis and rich, sweet pullaos. Here we have for you rice specialities from all over India, each with an original taste and flavour. A little care taken in the preparation is all that is needed to achieve success, and it will help you to offer your guests a nourishing and satisfying meal with an exotic appeal.

CHICKEN BIRYANI

1 medium sized chicken (for every 4 persons)

FOR EACH CHICKEN :

1 cup rice
1 pint curd
3 medium onions
Ghee
Salt to taste
60 grams raisins
4 eggs
1 tsp. saffron

GRIND TOGETHER TO A PASTE :

2 medium onions
6 cloves garlic
1, 4 inch piece ginger
A sprig coriander
1 sprig mint

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

4 small cardamoms
2 blades mace
4 cloves
2 tsps. poppy seeds
1 inch stick cinnamon
Green chillis to taste

Clean the chicken, keeping the liver and kidneys aside. Cut into pieces. Add the ground spices to the curd and mix well. Marinate the chicken pieces and sliced liver and kidneys in this mixture for about two hours.

Fry the sliced onions in a pan containing a little fat, until they are golden and crisp. Add them to the chicken marinade and mix thoroughly.

Place the chicken over gentle heat and boil until almost done. Now, parboil the rice.

In a large saucepan, put in a layer of rice, then two pieces of chicken with a proportionate amount of gravy and so on until all the chicken pieces and rice are finished. Place generous dollops of ghee over the top layer of rice. Crush the saffron, dissolved in a little warm milk, and sprinkle over the surface. Cover the saucepan well, sealing the edge with a flour paste. Place it in a larger covered vessel containing water and set the whole to boil for about fifteen minutes. Wash the raisins and fry in a little ghee. Garnish the biryani with raisins and slices of hardboiled eggs.

NOOLPUTTU PULLAO

FOR NOOLPUTTU :

500 grams rice
½ tsp. salt
½ pint hot water

FOR THE MEAT:

500 grams meat
2 medium onions
6 tbsps. ghee
2 tbsps. garam masala
Black pepper to taste
1 pint coconut milk
1 tbsp. black gram dal
60 grams nuts (almonds, cashsew, pistachio) optional
A few curry leaves

FOR THE NOOLPUTTU :

Soak the rice for two hours. Wash, drain and grind. Roast on tava for ten minutes taking care that it retains its white colour. Remove from the heat and cool. Add salt and form into a dough with the hot water. Squeeze this dough through the small holes of a sevanazhi onto a piece of wet cloth and steam for ten minutes. When cold, cut into one inch long pieces like vermicelli.

Wash and chop the meat. Slice one onion and fry in two tablespoons of ghee until brown. Add the garam masala, coconut milk, salt and pepper to taste. Add meat and cook till tender and the gravy is absorbed. Place another saucepan on the fire and pour in the remaining ghee. Slice the second onion and brown with the dal and few curry leaves. Add the meat and the prepared noolputtu. Keep on a low heat for five minutes more. Garnish with fried nuts and serve hot

MASALA KHICHEDI

500 grams rice
4 tbsps. green gram dal
2 large onions
2 small potatoes
1, 2 inch piece coconut
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. garam masala
6 cloves garlic, flaked
1 piece ginger
5-6 green chillis
½ bunch coriander leaves
Oil
Ghee
Salt to taste

Chop onions and green chillis finely. Mince the coriander leaves, ginger and garlic. Peel the potatoes and cut into small cubes. Grind the coconut to a fine paste. Fry onions in a combination of one tablespoon ghee, one tablespoon oil. When the onions are light brown add the minced garlic, ginger and green chillis. Then add the garam masala together with the ground coconut. Fry for a while, put in the rice and dal and fry both till crisp. Pour In warm water till it is about two inches above the level of the rice. If the water dries up, more warm water may be added. Add potato cubes and salt. When the water begins to boil, lower the heat and simmer till rice is done. Sprinkle coriander leaves on top before serving.

VANGI BHAAT

500 grams rice
2 pints water
1 cinnamon stick
4 cardamoms
4 cloves
1 large onion
4 tbsps. ghee
500 grams brinjals (aubergines)
1 tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste

FOR THE MASALA

1 tbsp. coconut, grated
A pinch asafoetida
6-8 peppercorns
1 tsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. gram dal
1 tsp. black gram dal
6 dry red chillis

Clean and wash the rice and put in water to soak. Meanwhile, place a heavy bottomed saucepan on the fire, put in two tablespoons ghee, chopped onions, cloves, cardamoms, cinnamon and when the onions turn pale brown, mix in the drained rice. Fry the rice for two minutes. Add water and salt, cover the saucepan and let the rice cook. When ready, remove from heat. Slice the brinjals lengthwise into six and soak them in water for a time to prevent discoloration. Fry the masala ingredients in a little ghee and when they turn brown, grind to a coarse powder. Heat one tablespoon ghee in a saucepan and fry the mustard seeds. Add the brinjals. Sprinkle with salt and turmeric. When the brinjals are tender, add the ground masala and stir well. Remove. Replace the rice on the fire, add the brinjal curry and one tablespoon ghee. Mix well and allow to cook for a couple of minutes, then remove. Serve with slices of lemon and plain yoghurt.

MANGO RICE

1½ kg rice
6 green mangoes
A few green chillis
3 cups coconut, grated
1¼ pint gingelly oil
1 tbsp. mustard seeds
1 tbsp. black gram dal
1 tbsp. cummin seeds
A few curry leaves
A little turmeric powder
Salt to taste

Clean the rice and put in boiling water. When it is about three-quarters cooked, remove it from the heat. Drain the excess water and allow the rice to cool. Add the turmeric powder and half the quantity of gingelly oil. Mix well.

Cut the mangoes into tiny pieces or grate them. Grind the cummin seeds, half the chillis, salt to taste and the coconut gratings. Mix with the mango pieces and add to the cooked rice. Fry the mustard seeds, gram dal, curry leaves and the remaining chillis. Add to the rice Mix well.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of July will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

1) A non-stick coated Saucette from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS, containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) An oval Casserole set and a 4-cup Carafe from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, 4) A 5.5 litres SAINIK Pressure Cooker from EVERGREEN TRADE AND AGENCIES, Bombay, and 5) a Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Lalitha Alex, Cochin.

STRINGDILES

150 grams carrots
150 grams French beans
200 grams cabbage
100 grams peas
2 onions
6-7 green chillis
6-8 cloves garlic
Salt to taste
2 eggs
1 tbsp. soya sauce
3 tbsps. tomato sauce
1 tbsp. chilli sauce
3 tbsps. oil
A few shreds of chicken, cooked with ginger, garlic and salt

FOR THE STRING HOPPERS:

2 cups rice flour, roasted
½ tsp. salt
400 ml. boiling water

Mix rice flour and salt along with water and form a fairly stiff dough. Put the dough in a sev press or string hopper mould and press the dough onto a wet cloth. Steam without pressure for about five minutes. Keep aside.

Boil the peas. Cut carrots, cabbage, French beans and green chillis lengthwise. Slice the onions and crush the garlic. Heat oil. Add garlic and fry lightly. Add onions, chillis and the vegetables. Fry for a while. Add salt, cover and cook for five minutes. When the vegetables are tender, add the green peas and chicken shreds. Mix the string hoppers and the sauces. Make an omelette out of the two eggs. Cut into strips and decorate on top. Serve hot.

Mrs. S. Amaravathi, Madras.

MINCED CHICKEN BALLS

1 chicken
1 tbsp. red chilli powder
1 tbsp. coriander seed powder
Salt to taste
A pinch turmeric
1 small onion, chopped
½ cup oil

GRIND TO A PASTE:

½ coconut, grated
2 cardamoms
1 small piece ginger
1 small piece cinnamon
4-5 cloves garlic, flaked

Joint the chicken and separate the meat from the bones. Cut the meat finely. Grind with red chilli powder, coriander seed powder, turmeric and onion to a fine paste. Add the ground coconut paste. Mix well. Add one tablespoon oil. Mix well.

Heat a kerahi, add one cup water and bring to a boil. Simultaneously, make small balls of the above mixture and place them into the boiling water. When the water beings to evaporate, lower the flame, and let the water evaporate completely. Add oil and fry the balls to a nice golden brown. Remove and serve. Garnish with cucumber, tomato or onion slices and chopped coriander leaves.

WEEKLY WINNER

SUSHEELA STEPHEN, Kerala.

Mrs. Stephen wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

SAVOURY PUMPKIN CAKE

½ kg ripe pumpkin
1 cup rice
1 sprig spring onion
1 red chilli
5 medium size mushrooms
A handful dried prawns
6 small variety onions (shallots)
Salt and pepper
Oil for frying

Soak the rice overnight. Drain and grind to a thick batter. Skin, wash and grate the pumpkin finely. Wash the dried prawns, chilli and spring onions. Soak the mushrooms. Skin, wash and thinly slice the onions, and cut the dried prawns finely. Shred the spring onion and chop the chilli finely. Wash and cut the mushrooms. Heat oil and fry the sliced onion till golden brown. Remove. Fry the dried prawns till crisp. Remove. Fry the mushrooms for a little while and remove. Mix the grated pumpkin with the rice flour batter. Mix in fried onions, spring onions, mushrooms, dried prawns and chilli together with the batter leaving a little of each aside for the garnish. Add seasoning and mix well. Pour the mixture into a greased tray and steam for about twenty to thirty minutes. When well set, sprinkle the remaining ingredients on top and steam till done. Cool. Cut into diamond shape and serve with chilli sauce.

ANNOUNCEMENT MONTHLY COOKERY QUEEN CONTEST

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

August, 1980
PASTA PREPARATIONS

September, 1980
PRESSURE-COOKED DISHES

October, 1980
CASSEROLE COOKING

All entries for August should reach us latest by July 5, September entries by August 5 and October entries by September 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

By Don Tobin

GOOD GRIEF!
Z-Z
I CAN'T TRUST YOU TO DO THE LEAST LITTLE THING ANYMORE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR MEMORY?
I ASK YOU TO SEE THAT THE POT DOESN'T BOIL OVER AND YOU JUST STAND THERE LIKE A ZOMBIE WITH YOUR HEAD IN THE CLOUDS!
I'M SORRY — I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE DIAMOND WRIST-WATCH I HOPE TO GET YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY —
—?
FORGIVE ME — I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED YOU HAD IMPORTANT BUSINESS ON YOUR MIND —
9-30
Z-Z
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

Flash a smile. Pass it on.

Now you have refreshing reasons to smile:

Flash freshness... the blue oral cleanser in Flash clears stale breath and decay-causing germs.

Flash confidence... it comes from knowing Flash has everything that's needed to look after your teeth, gums... in fact, your whole mouth.

Flash taste... so m-m-much tinglier you'll want to brush longer for the sheer joy of it.

Total mouthcare in a flash!

Flash DENTAL CREAM **with a fresh sky-blue mouth purifier.**

everest/80/FL/294

WOMEN IN FOCUS

SUHASINI HASAN

BEHIND THE CAMERA

Suhasini Hasan is the only girl doing cinematography at the Institute of Film Technology, Adyar, Madras.

"I have an insatiable fascination for colours. I do a lot of painting. When I have a loaded camera in hand, I find everything around to be photogenic! This was perhaps why I chose cine photography for a career," she said.

"My application to the Poona Institute was rejected as I was under-age. However I got a seat in Madras." About the course, she observed, "We are five students studying cinematography. Four are boys. Initially, my relatives and friends were doubtful about my becoming a professional cinematographer, having to accompany outdoor units on far off locations, and working late nights in studios. But what about women artistes? They too work late with technicians! Then, there are doctors, engineers, nurses, factory workers. The world has changed so drastically that man's monopoly over several professions is fast getting eroded. Therefore that objection was effectively ruled out!"

"What are the courses offered at the Institute?"

"One year course for acting, two years for editing, and three years for direction, cinematography, processing or sound recording."

"Why did you prefer photography?"

"I have no aptitude for acting. In editing, processing and sound recording, very little creativity is required. That leaves direction and photography. My choice fell on the latter."

"How interesting is the course?"

"In the beginning it was boring. But gradually the outlook changed. I began to realise that cinematography is a blend of science and art. It is something like physics. You have to learn about lights, lenses, camera repairs, electricity, make-up, colours and colour combinations. Of course a cinematographer is bound by no rules. It is only the visual impact that counts."

"Are there any operational differences between black-and-white and colour photography?"

"Black and white is definitely more difficult than colour. In the former the expertise of the technician counts for much, whereas colour can camouflage flaws.

"I volunteer to work on actual sets when I have leisure. In the Institute we have a full complement of equipment and shooting conditions are ideal, whereas it is not so in studios or outdoor work."

"Would you go abroad for advanced studies?"

"I don't think I will. Maybe I can enjoy the distinction of holding a foreign diploma. But performance wise I am likely to suffer. Abroad they use more modern sophisticated equipment. If I am trained with such equipment and then come back to India, I would be a misfit with our obsolete equipment."

Suhasini Hasan is the niece of the famous Kamalahasan, heartthrob of the silver screen. He has a grand collection of books on all aspects of movie making which Suhasini has appropriated.

"Will you be the country's only camera-woman?"

"No. There are girls undergoing the course in Pune. In Adyar too many are likely to join shortly."

S. N. Narayanan

SHOBANA SUBRAMANIAN

A SENSE OF ACHIEVEMENT

Young, and enterprising Shobana Subramanian is the Sub-Collector of Pollachi; in fact, she *is* the first woman Collector in Coimbatore District, with 3 talukas, 1846 square miles, under her jurisdiction.

"Ever since my posting it's been one hectic rush," she says. "First, it was the floods, and then the elections. During the flash floods here I was suddenly woken up at 1 a.m., and was told that an entire family was wiped out near Udmalpet. I left right away, and was involved in rescue operations till 2 p.m. Within minutes of reaching home I was called again to supervise relief operations somewhere else."

Shobana did her B.A. from Miranda House, Delhi, and took a part-time course in Russian. Later she taught Russian at the Soviet Cultural House, in the evenings.

"I was offered a scholarship to do a one year course in Russian Language, and Literature at the Moscow State University," she said. She took up the offer, and on her return, did her M.A. in Geography, from the Jawaharlal Nehru University, Delhi, and for some time taught at the Soviet Cultural House.

"I wanted to do my M.Phil, and Ph.D., and to teach, but my parents suggested that I take the I.A.S. examinations. Well I did and I do not regret it." Every Monday Shobana remains at her office to hear the public's grievances from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. After half an hour's rest, she attends to court work till 7 p.m. Her work involves a lot of responsibilities.

"Routine work is sometimes dull," she continues, "But when I'm putting in a lot of work for a special project, then, that sense of achievement cannot be put into words.

"In India, top priority should be given to women's education. Parents usually emphasize the male child's education, and encourage girls to pursue homely duties. Both boys and girls should be encouraged to enjoy housework, to fully develop their personalities."

"Girls should work," she says. "It's a crime not to put one's education and training to some use, especially when we spend so much for it. It need not always be executive positions. Any work, typists, clerks, stenos, teachers, P.R.O.'s. It helps to make an individual more complete."

Her discerning views on marriage are thought provoking. "In India, the concept of marriage is based on economic considerations. According to Manu's Law, a girl first depends upon her father, then her husband and then her son. Even today, the same principle is followed. Marriage should be a partnership, both on the intellectual and emotional levels," she says.

Shobana is indignant, "It's amazing that society has taken the dowry system with such complacency. Girls should be self-supporting, and marriages which take place for economic reasons, are something the country should be ashamed of! When a girl enters marriage according to Manu's law, then it's only a mockery of marriage!"

Shobana reads everything from fiction to philosophy, and paints in her spare time. Her ambition? "I'll do my best in this post, and in whatever post I'm offered later. I'd like to leave behind something tangible," she says.

Mohini Ramalingam

TRUE CONFESSION

THE CONFERENCE

Finally it was over — the racking pains, the cries which seemed to come from some distant void but were actually mine. I was still in the theatre when the nurse showed me my daughter, just an hour old. She looked so strange with her baldish head and dimpled chin. In my family we were all born with a mop of black hair and pointed chins, so my mother told us.

I tried to brush the thought of my parents and my family aside. My father — not educated beyond the old sixth standard, a clerk in a struggling firm, strict, upright and piously religious. My mother — quiet and hard working, trying to stretch my father's meagre salary through the month to feed and clothe my younger brothers and sister — and me.

Naturally, when I got through school, not too easily too, I had to look for a job immediately. The little typing I'd learnt at school would have to do. I remember applying for jobs, day after day, then waiting for a reply. Sometimes they would come and I was called for an interview. But every time I'd come home disappointed. Experience. Everyone wanted experienced staff. But if I didn't ever get a job, how was I to get any experience?

Three months had passed since I'd finished school and I still hadn't found a job. My father goaded me about it till I felt sorry for myself. I blamed him. Why couldn't he use influence? I knew I was being unfair because he did not know any one in a high position. My mother pleaded with me to take up a job soon. Anything, she said, even if the salary was not too good, as long as we had a little more money coming into the house. Food has become so costly and little Richie needed to be shown to a specialist for his cough.

So, when I saw this advertisement in the Times, for a "Receptionist-cum-typist," I feverishly wrote an application praying, "Lord, let me get this job, let me get this job at least." And I did get a call. I was riotously happy, singing as I put on my prettiest dress, leaving the house two hours in advance so as to be on time. I was quite confident because there was not a word about experience in the advertisement to bug me.

Locating the office was not a problem. There was a big board at the entrance of the building "K & Partners". I walked up the stairs not daring to join the queue for the lift. The office was very tiny, I noticed, as the peon showed me in, but very well decorated. I gawked at the plush carpet and the lovely silken drapes. There was a man sitting at a large table and there were also another table and a chair — for the receptionist-cum-typist I presumed. But where was the typewriter?

The first thing that hit me was the cold. The air-conditioner was on full and I could feel my teeth chattering. I had to take hold of myself to keep from shivering. He must be Mr. K., I thought, remembering the name on my interview letter. He looked very much like some popular actor, with his suave good looks. As he spoke, my nervousness returned. I remember stuttering the answers to the few casual questions he asked me. And he looked at me in a way I could not interpret.

Then he was telling me I could start work on the following day and that my salary would be Rs. 300! I could not even bring myself to ask about the typewriter. Three hundred rupees a month! I'd expected a much lower salary. I ran home to tell them the good news. My mother was overjoyed. My father seemed smugly satisfied and asked no questions.

When I reached the office the next day, it seemed deserted. The peon was the only other soul present. Mr. K. had not arrived. In the afternoon, I asked the peon if he would come and he informed me that sometimes, Mr. K. came late in the evening, around closing time. But he did not come that day. Nor the next two days. I was getting restless, sitting all alone in the office, with nothing to do and the peon popping in after hourly intervals.

Then Mr. K. turned up on the fourth day with a couple of friends who, instead of following him to his table, stood staring at me as if I was something from the zoo! After some time, they all trouped out, looking and smiling in my direction, Mr. K. included.

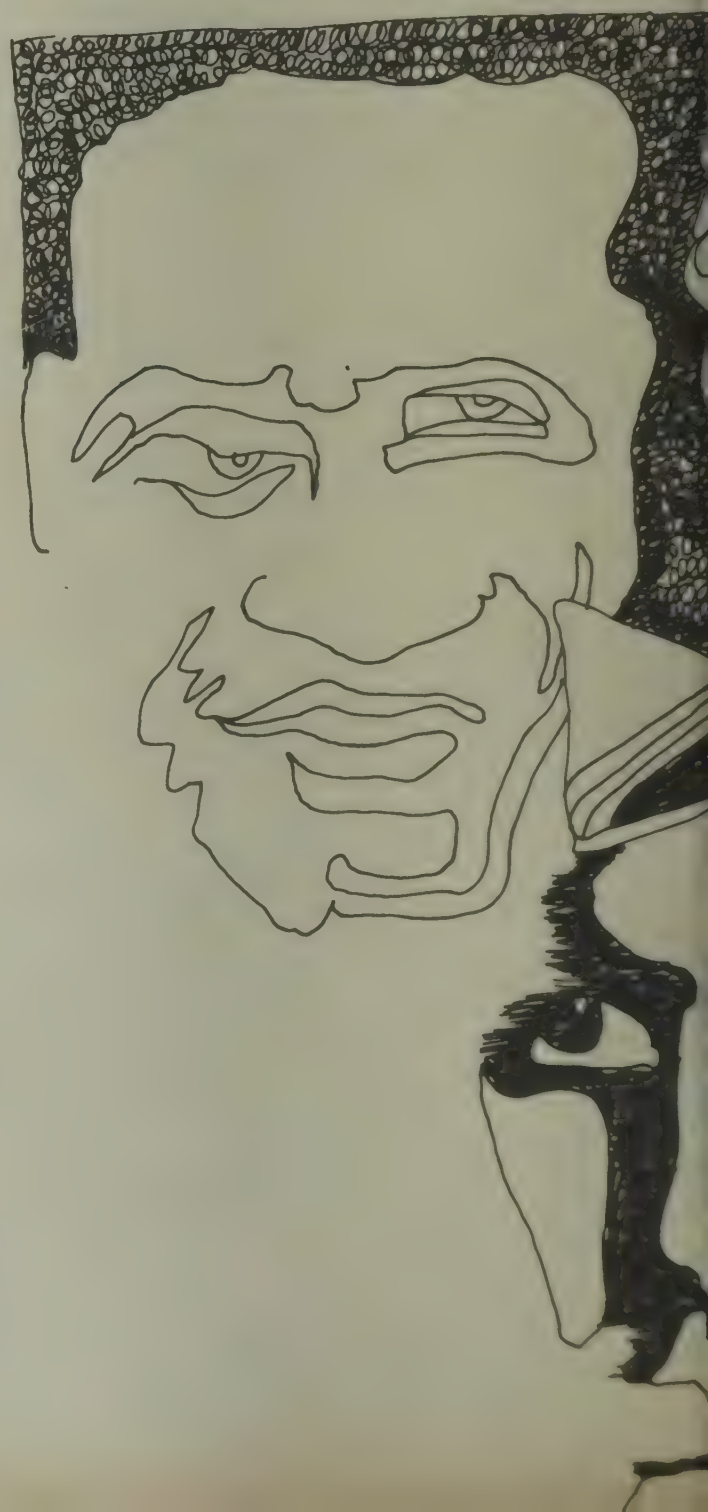
The next day, Mr. K. came in early and informed me that I would have to accompany him to a conference and take down some notes. I was a bit puzzled. Maybe at this office where the conference was being held there was no one to take notes. I was so raw, I did not think of asking him anything more about the conference and where it was to be held.

As I followed Mr. K. out of the office, the peon gave a knowing smile. Why? I wondered. When we reached the car, I was feeling a little awkward to sit in front, but I had to as Mr. K. had already opened the door. I was quite awed at sitting in such a luxurious car, but wished at the same time that I were somewhere else. Mr. K. kept taking his eyes off the road and fixing them on my legs. He tried making conversation, but my monosyllabic replies put him off.

The car halted. What building was this? Hotel P.! Well, they did hold big conferences in hotels. I was beginning to feel quite nervous. Would there be many people at the conference? Would I be able to take down the notes properly? I had just started to learn shorthand. I hoped they wouldn't talk too fast.

As we went past the elaborate entrance and the beautiful lounge, I felt quite shabby. Imagine wearing a faded denim skirt and an old blouse to Hotel P.! If only I had known! My thoughts were interrupted when the lift came to a halt. The man who opened the door of the conference room seemed familiar. Oh yes. it was one of Mr. K.'s friends who had come to the office the other day.

As soon as I stepped into the room, I felt something was fishy. There weren't any tables or chairs for a meeting. Rather the room looked like an informal lounge. The others present were Mr. K.'s friends I'd seen



before. And they had glasses in their hands! What kind of conference was this?

Now I was really nervous. What should I do? Should I turn and run and maybe lose a good job? Three hundered rupees a month was so very much? Why, even my father got only five hundred rupees every month after fifteen years of service!

Before I could decide, Mr. K. came up to me and explained that the conference would start in half an hour's time and inquired if I would have a drink. No, I said, I didn't drink. Come off it, just a small one, No, please, no. Okay, then a Coke at least? Nothing, thank you, I have a bad throat. Come on, don't feel shy, a Coke won't harm you. A bottle of Coke was thrust in my hand.

They were all standing a little away, watching me. I tried not to squirm and doggedly sipped the Coke. It seemed as if they were talking about me, but softly so that I could not hear clearly. I glanced at the door. It was shut. I tried getting up from the sofa, but I felt dizzy. Everything was whirling. They were laughing loudly, slapping Mr. K. on the back. In the haze I saw them, all of them, coming towards me, grinning. Then darkness, complete darkness.

THEY WERE STANDING A LITTLE AWAY, WATCHING ME. I TRIED NOT TO SQUIRM, DOGGEDLY SIPPING MY DRINK, AND THEN IN A HAZE, I SAW ALL OF THEM COMING TOWARDS ME GRINNING

When I came to, I was alone. I was on the floor. Everything about me was a mess. I felt unclean. Fear gripped me. I was shivering, not knowing what had happened, not understanding. Somehow I got home. My mother was out buying the ration most probably I thought. I was trembling with fright. What would I tell my mother? What could I, when all I remember was that I'd passed out? How could I tell her anything? Would she understand? Then I decided not to tell her. I only told my mother I was sacked because they thought I was not good enough.

I went like a ghost through the days that followed. Silent. Not thinking. Not applying for another job in spite of my parents' nagging. My mind was a blank, my senses numbed. They sent me to the doctor, thinking I was ill. The doctor sent me for various tests then informed me that I was pregnant!

I had known something was wrong, but feared to face the facts. The "conference"! I had tried shutting out the incident from my mind, but now it dominated before all my thoughts. I knew now what must have happened.

Just to think that I'd been taken in by Mr. K. made me mad with myself. What a stupid, naive, trusting fool I'd been! So greedy for a job, pleased with the glamour of the posh office and such a suave boss!

When I started showing, my mother noticed. She told my father. Then followed a barrage of questions, questions and more questions. When I told them about the "conference," they didn't believe me. More questions, more hurtful remarks, more slaps. It was just like in the films and in books, only more painful because I did not know what to say and what to do. To crown it all, the film "Julie" was the current rage. They just wouldn't believe that I did not have a boyfriend whom I was trying to protect.

Finally, I couldn't take any more. I could not confide in any one. My friends — how could they help me? They too were young, as young as I. Neighbours? They would never lift a finger to help. On the other hand they exulted in the scandal. Already their snide remarks, curious looks and taunting questions were adding to my physical and emotional misery.

Then I thought of St. C.'s Home. Once we had gone for a school picnic nearby. But I couldn't just walk in, so I went to the parish church, found Fr. M. and poured out my story, my fears and frustrations. Just to be able to talk to someone freely made me feel much better. Fr. M's sympathetic ear was a tonic. At first, he tried to win over my parents, but they would not budge from their old stand. However, Fr. M. managed to get their permission to send me to St. C.'s.

Sr.L., who took me over from Fr.M., was a very loving and lovable person. Though the other mothers-to-be, all unwed, had different stories from me and belonged to different communities, the nuns at the Home were good to all alike. Instead of allowing us to dwell on our misfortunes, they kept us busy and happy. One of the girls who was staying at the Home for over two years after her baby was born, has even found a nice young man and is now married to him.

As I look at this strange little baby, my daughter, my mind is still filled with fears. But though the future will not be all roses and sunshine, I have not lost hope. Fr.M., Sr.L. and the other nuns have given me courage with the love and concern they showed me. And if there is Love in this world, even a fragment of it, then all is not lost.

BRIGHTER THAN THE REST

IT IS NOT EASY TO GROW UP CLEVERER THAN MOST OF THE OTHER KIDS. PARENTS AND TEACHERS SHOULD BE ALIVE TO THE PROBLEMS OF SPECIALLY TALENTED CHILDREN AND HELP THEM GROW INTO WELL BALANCED AND HAPPY ADULTS

Through the ages, there have been children who have shone more brilliantly than their contemporaries, prodigies. Leonardo da Vinci was one, so were Queen Elizabeth I, Mozart and Issac Newton. Recent discoveries about the early lives of gifted children have shown how all children can be helped to develop to the full, and how parents are the best placed people to help them.

The way parents affect their child's development begins long before its conception — in their own outlook on life. And as soon as they know that a new life has begun, parents can provide the right pregnancy and birth condition. From the baby's birth, parents are essential helpers in its ceaseless, rapid mental growth.

Babies are now recognised as striving bundles of energy and not as the passive dolls they were once thought to be. There are very many ways in which parents can encourage tiny babies to explore and learn forming the base from which a clever kid can develop. But success depends very much in the parent's responses to the baby's endeavours.

SEX DIFFERENCES

Folk myths can often get in the way of children reaching their full potential even from birth. For example, it is often thought that babies should have a soothing, quiet environment, when what they actually need is stimulation.

Sex differences too affect babies from birth: when a baby leaves hospital dressed in pink or blue, a symbolic seal has been set, indicating how that baby is to be brought up. Some of the ways in which the sexes are treated differently are in the handling of the baby, how long it is left to cry before receiving attention, how it is talked to and what sort of toys it receives. Either sex may be poorly developed in certain abilities which might have been neglected or frowned on as being unsuitable for that sex.

Parents can, without realising it, have expectations of a baby which are unjustified, and they may act according to those expectations. Understanding how these unrecognised influences work is the first step for parents who would like to release a child from their cramping effects and allow its natural abilities to flourish.

INCREASING CHILDREN'S ABILITIES

Probably no child achieves his full potential, but most children are mentally active at a far lower level than they need to be. Cleverness needs mental "food" in order to grow, such as stimulating ideas or equipment to practise with.

Children have many kinds of gifts. They may be quite specific like music or foreign languages, or be outstanding general ability. But whatever they are, they benefit from early recognition and provision for their exercise. Over the years teachers have worked out ways of recognising these gifts, and with that knowledge available to parents, clever kids can be spotted much earlier. Those whose talents fail to prosper often lack the perceptive guidance which others, of no greater natural ability, receive and thrive on.

Attitudes like keenness, fear of failure or willingness to please, are important in supporting the development of children's abilities. They can help or hinder development. A child who fails to reach his full potential may, for example, be suffering from too great a fear of failure. If he shows himself to be really clever, there is the possibility that he may not always be able to keep up that standard. So it is easier, and less frightening for him to do much less than his best. The sort of understanding that can help him to overcome this problem is in his parents' and teachers' hands. If they know what to look for, they can cope with it; if they are working on the wrong track, they may make things worse.

Many courses on learning techniques, such as how to improve memory and concentration or how to organise complicated ideas have been available to adults. They are not taught in schools, although childhood is really the best time to acquire these good learning habits — and the earlier the better. Parents who have the knowledge of how to apply these techniques are in an excellent position to help their children to improve their abilities.

CLEVER CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Clever tots look forward enthusiastically to nursery school in which they usually delight, but the school itself can sometimes be a rude shock. To a child who arrives for the reception class, ticking over smoothly at his own high level, teachers can be disbelieving — if not downright sarcastic.

Right from the child's first day, parents can act as buffers for disappointments and bad feelings, which may arise at school, and so enable their children to do their best, which benefits the whole family. School based education is sometimes undervalued by parents, especially in the early years, because it seems too much like play. So it may be less effective than it could be. Children are very sensitive to parents' opinions. It is important for parents to know what teachers are aiming to do and to be able to help at home for the child to receive the greatest benefit from school. Parents can anticipate and fit in with school teaching, without upsetting the child's relationship with the teacher.

Teachers are sometimes wary of clever kids who can make them unsure of themselves as teachers. The children may come in for more than their fair share of criticism, to which they can be very sensitive and so need more support from home. Although parents may feel open to accusations of being pushy or overprotective, they need to be confident enough in their own judgement to discuss their child's problems with the teachers.

Sometimes teachers find it difficult to believe what parents know only too well, for example that a child is working well below the level of her ability. Professional testing is sometimes a way out of the dilemma. But if parents are to use the results of the psychologist's tests, they must understand them first. These tests are made up in a variety of ways and their results can be interpreted in a number of ways, too. There has been a lot of controversy recently about intelligence, I.Q. testing in particular.

It is not easy to grow up cleverer than most of the other kids. Gifted children often experience life from a different angle than other children. Although they may be mentally advanced, their emotional development does not always keep pace. This may bring about problems of communication and balance in their own age group. Adults can react to a child's clear intellect and forget that he is only seven years old, with only seven years of experience to go on. Because of this imbalance between intellect and experience, clever kids can appear to be very odd children.

GROWING UP GIFTED

It can be something of a burden for a child to be recognised as clever. Adults sometimes want to live their lives through their clever kids and pretend to themselves that they too would have been like that...if only! Other people may be jealous and show it in unpleasant ways so that clever kids probably suffer more from put-down than ordinary kids. Because of this backlash they sometimes pretend to be not so clever and may shade their brilliance. It may take a very sensitive and perceptive adult to help them to shine again.

More than anything else, clever kids need adult understanding of their unique situation. Being very clever, they can develop poor, lazy learning habits early on which can hinder them in later life. Sometimes they are put into special classes or schools in order to advance them further in their school work, but they may suffer emotionally from this segregation. These problems can be spotted as they come along, particularly if they are prepared for.

The gifted are different from other children, but they are still children. In growing up, children learn to behave in ways which are expected of them. Just as boys and girls learn their sexual roles, children believed to be "typically" gifted, and told so, can grow up to be oddities. This is neither desirable nor inevitable. It is only by understanding the whole social situation of what is expected of the child, and in particular the gifted child's world, that he or she can be helped to grow up well balanced and happy.

Joan Freeman

CHAMPION SHEEP SHEARER

Petite 18-year-old Trudi Anesbury has made her mark in one of the toughest professions there is — sheep shearing.

Shearing is traditionally a man's occupation in Australia. Those who can accomplish the back-breaking job of shearing sheep fast and well have become folk heroes, the stuff of poetry, song and legend.

Trudi's father, Mr. Colin Anesbury, was a champion shearer in South Australia and Trudi grew up in the bush. He developed arthritis, so young Trudi began to help him in the woolsheds, dealing with particularly large sheep, and eventually lent him a hand with the shearing.

By the time he died in 1976, when Trudi was 14, Mr. Anesbury had taught her everything he knew about shearing.

This year, Trudi worked for the first time — as a shearer. The first day she sheared 43 sheep, about half the number of an average male shearer. The second day her score was 53.

On the third day, Trudi sheared 23 before the supply of sheep ran out. If she had maintained that pace for the day, she would have had a tally of 92 — about 12 above average.

Mr. Walter Stringer, in the shearing business for 26 years and contractor for the shed where Trudi was working, said she was the best novice shearer he had ever hired.

He said: "She's a natural. She holds a sheep quiet, and can shear close and clean, without cutting the animal, like an expert with years of experience on the boards."

But Trudi has no aspiration to be a long-term champion shearer, but simply to be able to show that she is worth a place on the boards of any woolshed.

Rather than travel the countryside, as shearers must, she prefers to stay working as a general farmhand on Mr. John Green's grain and sheep property on South Australia's Eyre Peninsula.

When Trudi talks about her future and shearing, it is obvious she will always remember that it was this kind of back-breaking labour which crippled her father with arthritis.

"Of course, I bend pretty easily at the moment, so for a while, anyway, I think I'll try for the 100-a-day mark, which has got to be better than maths or working in a shop," she said. **(Australian Information Service).**

Introducing

Rasna Food Flavours

A few drops change a simple dish to a special one

New Rasna Food Flavours are here! Just one drop of Rasna per serving changes an ordinary dish into an exciting one...giving it all the aroma of top-quality condiments!

New Rasna Food Flavours enhance the aroma and appetite appeal of a large variety of dishes and drinks: from pulaos and curries to kheer and pudding... from tea and coffee to sherbets and lassi. And so economical! Each pack contains 200 concentrated drops—enough for 200 servings. So you can give a special touch to every meal, every day!

Choose from a versatile range: elaichi, kesar-elaichi, clove, cinnamon, masala mix.

For greater aroma and extra appetite appeal be sure to add Rasna Food Flavours only after your food is cooked.

OBM/44

PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Most people were greatly impressed by the fact that **Mrs. Gandhi** did not get into a flap when Ram Lalwani threw a knife at her. But a wag from Delhi revealed the other day that the reason Mrs. G. was so calm during the incident is because she wears

a bulletproof vest underneath her choli. Is that why she is seen wearing a full-sleeved choli these days, with the pallav draped modestly over her shoulders? If this is true, then she has a neigbour who also fears for his life — President Zia-ul-Haq of Pakistan — who, according to a New York Times news report, never ventures out to a public gathering without his trusty bulletproof vest.

* * *

The Archbishop of Canterbury is the seniormost figure in the Anglican hierarchy. When **Michael Ramsay** (who held the post for an extrordinary long time) once addressed the press, the story goes, a rookie reporter did not know how to catch his eye. So he yelled, "Hey Archie." The unflappable Ramsay turned to him poker faced and admonished, "Young man, the name's Mike." His successor, **Robert Alexander Kennedy Runie** seems one better than "Mike". He has now been nicknamed the warrior priest by his flock, because during World War II he won a Military Cross for pulling a comrade out of a burning tank. As if this were not enough, his tennis is "passable." But it was not a common love of that sport that brought him closer to another tennis player, **Pope John Paul II** in Africa recently, where the two religious leaders publicly said that it was a "scandal" that the church was so divided when Catholics and Protestants worshipped the same God. Incidentally, the Pope is too busy going around the world to keep a promised appointment with fellow countryman, Polish tennis star Wojtek Fizbak, who is to coach him in the game and improve the Pope's forehand.

* * *

The last time the Frontier Gandhi was here, he criticised Indians sharply for becoming increasingly non-secular in their attitudes. Time has not dulled **Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan's** tongue. When recently holidaying in Kashmir, he cautioned Indians against their leaders' love for "chair and money," which would ruin the country and endanger democratic values. To illustrate his point, "Badshah" Khan related an incident. Remarking on his defeat, a former MP (Member of Parliament) confided to the Frontier Gandhi that he had got himself elected the first time to enrich himself, the second time to improve the lot of his children and now, when he wanted to do something for his constituents, they had unceremoniously rejected him!

* * *

Whether world champion **Muhammad Ali** would win his fourth (and final?) bout against Larry Holmes is debatable, because the 38-year-old three-times world champion in boxing is sadly out of shape, with flab hanging loosely from his waist downwards. But Ali, who says that Allah will look after him, just as He made sure Ali's face remained unscarred all these years, is confident of a victory although doctors have warned him against entering the ring again. The outcome of Ali's fate in the ring is still a matter of debate, but he recently won a different kind of victory — in the courtroom after a bout of legal hassles. Jake J. Dimaggio and Philip Ciaccio had filed a 20-million-dollar legal suit for defamation against Ali for calling them racist. The all-white jury of four women and two men ruled that he did not defame the two plaintiffs. A jubilant Ali was besieged by enthusiastic supporters. When asked how much the trial cost him in legal fees, he replied in his inimitable fashion: "Less than 20 million dollars!"

* * *

"A truly remarkable Englishman — " according to a well-known critic — finally got a lifelong wish fulfilled. **Alfred Hitchcock**, who died recently, made some of the best old fashioned mystery movies in his day. He was a devout Roman Catholic who used to worship at Westminster Cathedral, whenever he was in London. To pay homage to his memory, a requiem mass was recently held by his friends at this largest Roman Catholic centre of worship in London. Among the glittering turnout were **Ingrid Bergman** and **Sir John Mills.** Not many people are aware of the interesting fact that the Cathedral was the setting for a scene in one of Hitchcock's earliest films, "Foreign Correspondent", made in 1940. He used the bell tower for a murder scene which had to be shot twice since the ship carrying the reels to Hollywood was sunk when it was bombed by the Nazis.

UNKNOWN

Mr. Jinabhai Navik is a young 78-year-old Gandhian who is spreading the message of youth in a novel manner. He recently arrived panting at the Capital, after having jogged all the way from Kashmir. He has another 6,000 km. to go before he reaches his goal— Kanyakumari. He told his many admirers at a news conference that the human body required regular warming up like a car for optimum performance, and running was the best way to ensure this. "True happness," he said, "is good health. Money is not happiness." For the record, Jinabhai has probably walked, run, cycled, boated, swum and trekked more than any other Indian in the country today.

Lakshmi Narayan

BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF WOMEN IN INDIAN HISTORY: by T. P. Saxena; Kalyani Publishers; Price Rs. 45.

"Indian women, despite their significant role in history, have not been treated fairly in the existing biographical dictionaries," says T. P. Saxena in the preface to "A Biographical Dictionary of Women in Indian History". This supports the feminist held view that existing records, compiled as they are by male historians, have tended to underplay women's contribution to the social, political, cultural and economic life of their times. In order to place history in a more valid perspective, Saxena has compiled a biographical dictionary exclusively of women who, according to him, have played any significant role in India's history. About 400 names have been cited, along with basic information to serve as a ready reference.

In Saxena's book we meet a number of colourful women of ancient and recent times. There is Bina Das, a woman revolutionary from Calcutta, who tried to assassinate the Governor of Bengal in 1932. There is Hazarat Mahal, one of the Begums of Avadh who led a revolt against the British in 1867 and contemptuously rejected offers of a peace treaty when she failed. Indeed, she continued to defy the British by issuing counter proclamations to Queen Victoria's from Nepal where she sought political asylum. There is Panna, the Rajput nurse who sacrificed the life of her own son to save Udai Singh, the posthumous child of Rana Singh. There is Fanny Parkes, the Englishwoman who travelled in India from 1822 to 1839 and whose published treatise is regarded the best account of the contemporary political scene. There is Jeanne Dupleix, the French diplomat whose knowledge of statecraft and fluency in Indian languages made her an important figure in the Pondicherry of the eighteenth century. There are domestic servants like Mangala, a water-carrier, and Mahrin Dhania, a maid-servant, both of whom came to wield a considerable influence in imperial households. There is Khajjutara, a hunchback from birth, who was caught for stealing and later grew into a learned Buddhist scholar and saint. There is Begum Samru of Sardhana, who became the concubine of an Alsation mercenary, converted to Catholicism to marry him, and after his death commanded his troops, negotiating tricky deals with local chiefs and the British. Women have certainly not played a marginal role in our country's history, nor do they fit the meek-mild stereotype some would have us believe.

Saxena starts out to enlarge the canvas of women's role in history but falls into another typically male trap — perhaps as a result of his own socially conditioned views on women. Every woman is identified as "wife of," "daughter of," "sister of," "consort of"... Surely women who have carved a place for themselves in history do not need to be seen as appendages of their menfolk! They are personalities in their own right. This faulty touchstone leads to other kinds of errors. Several of the women are included solely because of the position of their men. For example, Anubai, a Maratha princess, was "daughter of the first Peshwa, Balaji Vishwanath by his wife Radhabai; she was the younger sister of the second Peshwa Baji Rao. She was a great favourite of her brother, and was married to Vyankatrai Ghorpade of Ichalkaranji near Kolhapur, Maharashtra, where her descendents were ruling a small principality right up to our own time." Is kinship alone enough to make an authentic claim in history records?

Finally, if one is to review history from ancient times to the present, surely more than 400 women would need to be recognised?

WOMEN IN CHINA: by Hasna Jasimuddin Moudud; Vikas Publishing House; Price Rs. 45.

After decades of a self-imposed communications blockade, China has, only in recent years, bared herself to a limited scrutiny before the world. During the blackout period much that is not pleasant is said to have happened, and has been explained away as an unavoidable necessity for the social and economic progress China has undoubtedly made. Today curiosity centres not so much on the past as on the present. How much have the Chinese people changed? How have the arts, crafts and philosophies, for which China has been renowned since Confucian times, been affected by the curbs on free speech and thought? Have the changes really been an emancipation or have they made automatons of human beings as some conservative critics allege? For women in India, those of us who believe there are more common links than differences between the peoples of the world, interest lies in drawing a comparison of lifestyles.

Such is the thirst for knowledge that one approaches Hasna Jasimuddin Moudud's "Women in China" with full expectations. But Ms. Moudud disappoints, for her book is not much more than a personalised travelogue of tourist spots and handouts of official statements. Accompanying her husband as a state guest, she travels through the country meeting government dignitaries, artists and artisans, plantation workers and workers in communes, but fails to probe beyond what meets the eye. Her pen-portraits of the women and children are skeletal, conversations with political figures fragmentary, and her China-view reminiscent of the adage "more British than the British themselves."

However, what we learn of the official policy on women could provide substantial food for thought. Unlike India where the law views women as the weaker sex needing to be placed under the protection of men, be it father, husband or brother, the Chinese take a much more pragmatic stance. During the second agrarian revolution, women participated in the armed struggle and received equal shares of land, which gave them equal economic as well as social status with men. Women's development was thus linked to national development rather than kept a separate issue and the question of their getting marginalised as a group did not arise.

Most interesting is the marriage law, which codifies the husband-wife relationship in detail, not only giving the woman equal rights and freedom but also giving the man equal responsibilities in child rearing and housework. A somewhat questionable area is the pregnancy planning programme. Since every woman works outside the home, pregnancies have to be planned so as not to affect production schedules. A woman applies for a quota of one child and only if too many other women in her department are not planning to be pregnant at the same time will her quota be sanctioned. One wonders what happens to women who do not conceive easily or those who have a history of miscarriages.

The book makes no mention of the oppressive ancient custom of feet-binding, how it was given up, whether there are bastions of orthodoxy where it is still practised. This could have been a pivotal issue for a confrontation between the sexes and should not have been ignored in a book on the women of China. For us in India, who are struggling against equally oppressive customs such as dowry and the familial harassment of women, this could provide useful parallels.

Meher Pestonji

CONFLICT IN THE SKIES

Subhadra Butalia

In an unprecedented move, air hostesses of the Indian Airlines Corporation have broken off from the long-established Air Corporation Employees' Union and formed their own Cabin Crew Welfare Group. They have had it registered and have applied to the employers for recognition. To date they have a membership of 400 which includes 50 men. They have also taken the employers to Court. They allege that the Corporation tends to treat them as sex symbols. This, they say, is evident from the advertisements for the posts of air hostesses, which are placed from time to time in various newspapers. Besides, they say, the arbitrary and discriminatory nature of the service rules of the Corporation negates the basic principle of the equality of the sexes as enshrined in Part III of the Constitution.

In a bid to secure equality for themselves, 122 air hostesses issued a collective letter and sent copies to the management and the union, stating that the union "is male-chauvinistic and is bent upon trampling over the interests of the air hostesses". The air hostesses claim that in 1979, when the union secretary had presented to the management a charter of demands for better pay-structure and service conditions for the employees, he had completely ignored the air hostesses' demand for equality in service conditions. Instead, the union had insisted upon demanding 50 per cent seniority for flight stewards though there are only 110 flight stewards against 460 air hostesses. According to the rationale of numbers, the proportional seniority should be one flight steward to 4.6 air hostesses.

"When a girl is victimised or harassed, the union does not lift its finger to help her."

"Every time the union gave a call for strike, we gave solid support — We did not fly — causing financial loss to ourselves and inconvenience to passengers. But when a girl is victimised or harassed, the union does not lift its finger to help her. A break was inevitable, and it has happened," said one air-hostess.

The cabin crew is in a different category from the rest of the Corporation's staff because they operate in the air. Their first cadre is the cockpit crew, which comprises the pilot, the co-pilot and the flight engineer. In the second category come the cabin attendants — air hostesses and flight stewards. But while rules of service are almost the same for all employees including the male cabin attendants, they are not so in the case of air hostesses.

According to Para 13(I), Chapter III, of the Service Rules and Establishment Orders, "An employee shall retire from the service of the Corporation on attaining the age of 58 provided that the competent authority may require an employee to retire after he attains the age of 55 years on giving three months notice without assigning any reason. . . An air hostess shall retire from the service of the Corporation on attaining the age of 30 years or when she gets married, whichever is earlier. The general manager may, however, retain in service an unmarried air hostess up to the age of 40 years."

The air hostesses argue that they are also employees of the Corporation and should be governed by the same rules as their male counterparts — the flight stewards — are. The union secretary and the management think differently. The former is stated to have told the air hostesses that the social set-up of the country was such that no married man would like his wife to work as an air hostess. The secretary went on to imply, say the air-hostesses, that an air hostesses' job is a mere pastime and need not be taken seriously. He told the girls that he was speaking out of his 20 years' experience as a trade union leader.

A very senior officer of the airlines, well into his fifties, said that Indian culture, like the culture of other Eastern countries, does not permit that air hostesses be retained in service after they are past 30. The whole idea is that they should be able to save up enough money for their dowry etc. and then settle down to a comfortable domestic life.

"It is only when the passenger is comfortably seated in the aircraft and soothed by a young hostess that he relaxes."

"You see, a passenger travelling by air has to go through innumerable hassles — the wait at the airport, the security check and then the tension of air travel. It is only when he is comfortably seated in the aircraft and soothed by a young hostess that he relaxes. Besides, there are situations of emergency which require quick action. Older women will not be able to cope with such situations. How would you like to be served by a 58-year-old woman?"

The Minister for Civil Aviation, when approached by the air hostesses, is reported to have told them that **jawans** in the army also retired at the age of forty. "But then, sir, all jawans retire at forty. In the airlines it is only we women cabin attendants who are thrown out at the age of thirty or at the most, forty. We do not get any retirement benefits etc," replied the air hostesses. "An air hostess's work is physical and not mental," shot back the minister. The air hostesses could not elicit from the honourable minister the exact meaning of this observation because he dismissed them, saying their time was over. The girls say they emerged from the meeting with the depressing impression that in the culture of Indian Airlines all were equal but some were certainly unequal.

On February 23, 1980 the air hostesses submitted an appeal to the Prime Minister and appraised her of the arbitrary rules under which they were made to work.

"We, the air hostesses, are neither entitled to higher emoluments and extra perquisites, nor do we enjoy the benefit of carrying lesser load of work in any way. Therefore, if our male counterparts are allowed to work uninterruptedly till the age of 58 years, it is totally discriminatory to terminate the services of an air hostess much earlier without any valid reason. . . At 40, an air hostess has given the best years of her life to the airlines, so it is not unfair to appeal against dispensing with her services at

a time when she is in dire need to retain her job."

"Some air hostesses have to listen to nasty and humiliating remarks about their figure and poise."

Finally, when all avenues had been tried and found wanting, the air hostesses resorted to litigation in June 1980. Earlier, one of their colleagues had gone to court to appeal against her impending retirement. Her experience of negotiating with the management had not been any different from that of her other colleagues. She had been called to make her case in a meeting of the Customer Service of the Corporation, at which the Chairman presided. He said that age had a withering effect on the appearance and deportment of air hostesses and that old women were not wanted as air hostesses. He warned the air hostess concerned and "her sisters" through her not to rush to the press but to accept his decision with equanimity. As a suitable reward for that acquiescence, he offered to accommodate the petitioner somewhere in the Corporation's telephone department or facilitation unit. Finally the management successfully prevailed upon her to withdraw her petition from the court. It is interesting to note that the Chairman himself has been called out of retirement.

At the age of 30, an air hostess is subjected to a medical check —"another evidence of the sexist bias in the airlines," said a young female employee. "Every year or on alternate years, the formality of 'medical' is gone through. The stress is not on physical fitness but on appearance. The air hostess concerned has to get herself photographed and her latest photograph is compared with an earlier one, and her weight is taken to see whether she has put on weight and if so how much." In this connection the air hostesses, in their appeal to the Court, have stated that at the time of extension, "some air hostesses have to listen to nasty and humiliating remarks about their figure and poise. . ." and are finally "at the mercy of the General Manager, to whom is attributed the power of judging feminine pulchritude and deportment etc."

In their petition to the Supreme Court, the air hostesses have submitted that in the functions performed by female and male cabin attendants, there is complete identity. The office order No. DODLCAH: CA-6-399 of 19/22.1.1979 makes it very clear that:

a) Work on board the a/c (aircraft) should be equally shared by all cabin crew;

"It is only the Indian air hostesses who must lose their jobs before they attain the age of 40."

g) There should not be any discrimination with regard to F/S and A/H pertaining to job functions — work should be equally shared by all — whether it is closing the cabin door, serving sweets, or clearing out the in-flight service.

The execution of this order is borne out by the fact that there are many flights on which no male attendant is present, say the air-hostesses. Sometimes, even when there are attendants of both sexes, the seniormost cabin attendant (no sex bias) is made the incharge of the cabin crew.

Despite all this, say the air-hostesses, when it comes to matters of retirement, and permission to marry and rear children, the Corporation makes an individious distinction between male and female attendants. A female attendant's tenure of service is cut short by 18 to 23 years, she has to put in at least four years of service before she can apply for permission to get married. Even when allowed to marry, she is not permitted to have children. Her services are terminated as soon as she becomes pregnant. On the other hand, a male cabin attendant can be married even before he joins the airlines, and needless to say, he can have children without the airlines batting an eyelid.

The management's view is that pregnancy and housework impose a heavy burden, physical as well as mental, on women. According to medical advice, they say, it is hazardous for pregnant women to work on board the aircraft, especially during conditions of emergency. Moreover, women put on weight after childbirth and their reflexes tend to become slow. In addition to all this, said an official, "we would keep getting last minute appeals for cancellation of duty on account of the child's illness. Maternity leave and various other problems will put an unnecessary burden on the establishment."

Air hostesses do not agree. They maintain that in keeping with the spirit of the International Women's Decade, airlines all over the world have relaxed their rules pertaining to the retirement of women cabin attendants, marriage and child-rearing. Pan Am, Air France, Lufthansa, Aeroflot and British Airways, besides others, have lifted restrictions on age and domestic commitments of women cabin crew. Now they make no distinction between air hostesses and flight stewards in terms of age and marital status. In fact, in Air France there is an air hostess who has an 18-year-old daughter. In Air India, air hostesses recruited in Britain retire at the age of 58. It is only the Indian air hostesses who must lose their jobs before they attain the age of 40.

"The Corporation obviously views female cabin attendants as sex symbols whose utility vanishes at the age of 30."

"We do not get any of the monetary facilities, such as house-building loans or motor-vehicle loans, which are extended to male cabin attendants. While men continue to be in service till the age of 58, we, having given our best years to the service of the airlines, are thrown out. We cannot look forward to any financial security, nor can we at that stage in life always start thinking in terms of having a family."

Twenty air hostesses have jointly moved the Supreme Court of India under Article 32 — Fundamental Human Rights — of the Constitution. "The Corporation obviously views female cabin attendants as sex symbols whose utility vanishes at the age of 30," they allege. "The working conditions in the Indian Airlines are violative of Article 14, which lays down the principle of equality for all, and Article 15, which prohibits discrimination on grounds of religion, race, caste, sex or place of birth."

Twice during the last couple of years women employees of the Government sector have moved India's highest judiciary for proper implementation of the Constitutional guarantees held out to them. In the case of Miss C. B. Muthamma of the Indian Foreign Service, Mr. Justice Krishna Iyer and Justice P. N. Shingal stated, "We wish to impress upon the government the need to overhaul all service rules and to remove the stain of sex discrimination without waiting for ad hoc inspiration from writ petitions or gender charity."

The air hostesses of Indian Airlines expectantly await the verdict on their dispute.

SAFE DRINKING WATER FOR INDIA

A shifting aspect of the Indian waterscape is that there is either too little of water for human consumption and farming or far too much of it for survival. Parched land, wilting plants, shrivelled animals and dehydrating humans at one time, and floating houses with marooned children and chattels, destroyed vegetation and land eroded beyond recognition at another.

Beyond this obvious reality is a less well-known fact: Out of India's 5,76,000 villages 1,13,000 have no water supply safe for drinking within a mile of them; 1,85,000 have an unprotected water supply open to the risk of pollution, and another 2,14,000 depend on wells, tanks, ponds and streams — sources that might be equally unsafe. The upshot of this is that about 163 million children in rural India do not have access to safe drinking water.

The implication of this situation for child health is clear. An estimated 8.7 per cent of the deaths in the 0-1 age group, 19.1 per cent of the deaths between the years 1 and 4 and 15.2 per cent of the deaths between 5 and 15 are due to one water-borne disease alone — diarrhoea.

According to a WHO estimate, the per capita equipment cost for a simple water supply system would not be more than Rs. 25

Different kinds of diseases are transmitted through water. These are diseases caused by an infective agent, such as hepatitis, dysentery and typhoid; diseases due to the presence of an aquatic host like guinea worm and tape worm; illnesses from toxic nitrates in the water; those like malaria, yellow fever and dengue caused by the presence of water in the immediate environment of an insect vector; and lastly diseases caused by water being the reason for interhuman contact — trachoma, flue and tuberculosis for example.

As usual, children suffer the worst from the lack of safe water, rural children especially. Generally malnourished, they fall easy victims to the water-borne diseases. And they are often sent out to fetch water for the family from a distance.

But things can change as the experience in Uttar Pradesh shows. After water works sanitation was introduced, the death rate from cholera decreased by 74.1 percent, that from diarrhoea by 42.7 percent, by 23.1 percent in the case of dysentery and by 63.6 percent in the typhoid rate.

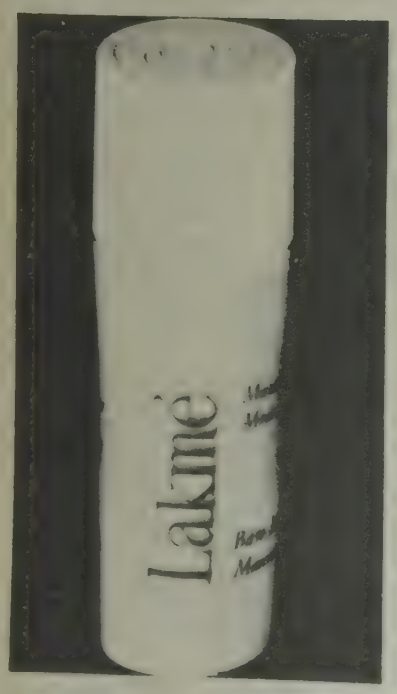
According to a WHO estimate of some time ago, the per capita equipment cost for simple water supply systems like dug or drilled wells would not be more than about Rs. 25. In Bangladesh, shallow tube wells have been installed countrywide for much less.

It has been estimated that low income countries could provide adequate water and sanitary facilities with the investment of a sum equal to the cost over ten years of lost production and medical expenses due to typhoid, diarrhoea and enteritis. That is to say, we can eliminate the diseases that afflict three-fourths of our children for the same price that they will otherwise have extracted from society during the next decade. Surely not a price too heavy for the health and development of our children, or is it?

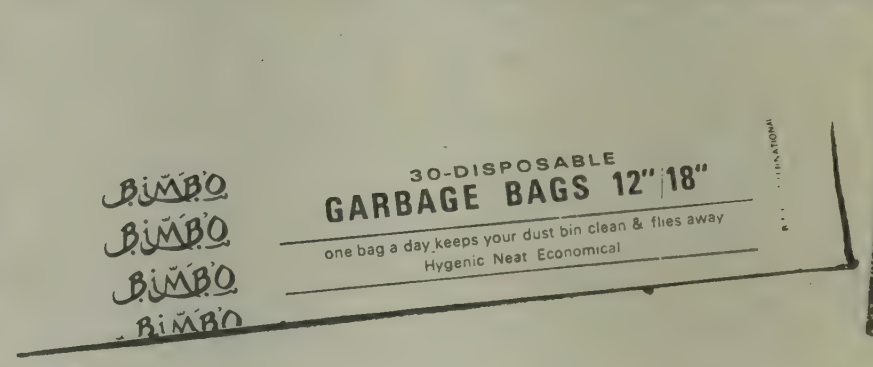
Thomas P. Matthai

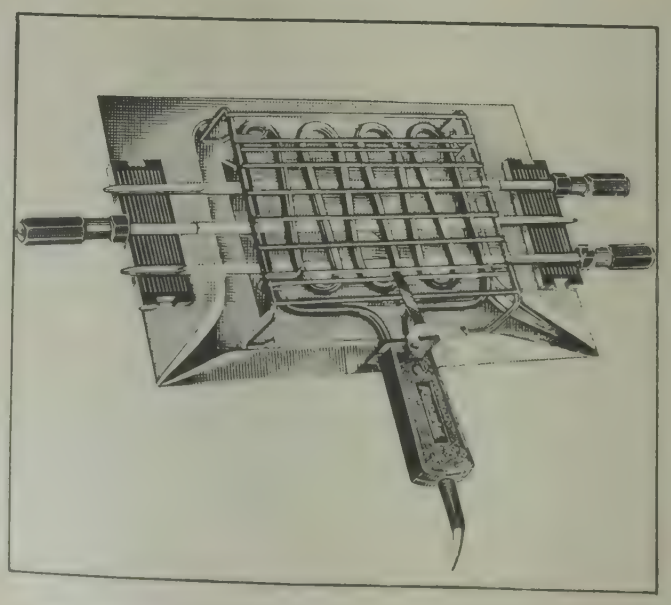
WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.



For a petal-soft skin Lakme Maximum Moisture Base, a rich, non-greasy, nourishing cream which is light and quick absorbent. You can use this under your make-up base or by itself. Price Rs. 12.80, taxes extra. At leading stores.





ABOVE: Some useful items for the kitchen introduced by Bimbo International, Bombay. The packet marked Garbage Bags contains 30 plastic bags for disposal of garbage. Price Rs. 10. Clean-Ex, comprising coir and ash, is for cleaning utensils — leaves no scratches. Price Rs. 2.75. At leading stores.

LEFT: Racold Multi-purpose Heating Element and its accessories — metal tray, stainless steel wire rack, skewer and scraper — have several uses. These will help you make a variety of grilled dishes, toasts, seekh kababs, tandoori chappattis; also to heat water and serve as a hot plate. Price Rs. 535. Available at Racold Appliance Pvt. Ltd., 17 Pasta Lane, Colaba, Bombay.

IDEAL HUSBANDS

"I frequently or occasionally help my wife with the housework". This is the claim of 93 per cent of Dutchmen, which makes them the ideal husbands in terms of European statistics. And 81 percent of Holland's women confirmed that their husbands helped around the house occasionally or frequently. A laconic footnote by the statisticians of the EC Commission reads: "12 percent of the men exaggerate. On an average, in the nine partner-states, 82 percent of men claim to help with household chores and 69 percent of the womenfolk go along with this. So on an average, male exaggeration throughout the European Community is 13 per cent."

Following the "ideal" Dutchmen are the British: 87 per cent of them said they performed regular household duties and 77 per cent of their wives agreed. German husbands come only third in their own rating at 85 per cent while their wives conceded in 76 per cent of cases. In France, 84 per cent of the men say they help in the house; 72 per cent of the wives agree. In Ireland, the ratio is 83 to 75 per cent. But Luxembourgers aren't quite so realistic; 83 per cent of the men said "yes," but only 64 per cent of their wives accepted this. The Danes are more down-to-earth, with 83 to 78 per cent. Belgians come eighth on the list with 83 per cent and 68 per cent. But Italians can hang their heads in shame: 69 per cent of the menfolk boasted of their regular involvement in household activities, but only 48 per cent of their wives say they have ever noticed this happening — a differential of 21 per cent!

Courtesy: IN-Press

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

RAJESH KHANNA: UNCHARTED FUTURE

The bar in Centaur hotel had tilted to a corner. There was a congregation of some dozen people there. Presiding over them was a bespectacled man in a Sanjay Gandhi type kurta. I thought he was Narendra Bedi, but he turned out to be Rajesh Khanna. His Madras flight was delayed, he was making the wait shorter as best he could.

"'Thodisi Bewafaii' will make fifty-lakh business, come to Madras. I will have a little party in the suite on the seventeenth floor, the terrace has a Japanese garden, a slight push and you will go down seventeen floors," said Rajesh.

"I think it will be a good idea, I will luxuriate, shop around the hotel lobby, wear a heap of sandalwood malas and maybe look up M.G.R." I told him.

"When are you flying?" asked my escort.

"Don't be silly, Rajesh makes plans, and I at times give him a helping hand. The screenplay has been woven in between pegs."

I have not heard from him till today. That "Thodisi Bewafaii" is doing well and he was silent about "Red Rose", means "Red Rose" has flopped.

Anyway, when I wrote the Rajesh Khanna story, I don't quite remember what end I had predicted for him — that he would join the hippie band or opt for insanity or go in for total ruin? After an interval, that is between the exit of Anju and entry of Dimple, I lost track, but surely the Superstar story cannot end on any ordinary note, like Jeetendra or Anil Dhawan.

In any case, Rajesh set the trend for marriage, followed by Amitabh, Jaya, Raakhee, Gulzar, Vinod Mehra, Chintu, Neetu, etc. Raakhee and Gulzar are separated, Vinod Mehra has opted for Bindiya, Neetu is pregnant. Meanwhile Zeenat went in for nikha with Sanjay Khan; she is the newest divorcee, and now Hema Malini took some pheras with Dharam with Amma clicking away — so much like a temple wedding in films.

That way Rekha is wise. When in a marriage mood, she just dons a bridal look and strolls in to be the bridesmaid at some wedding or other. There is never any dearth of weddings in filmdom.

* * *

I am told Feroze Khan drove with Maharashtra Chief Minister Abdul Rehman Antulay to the premiere of "Qurbani". Wife Sundari and children had arrived earlier. So did Sanjay's wife Zarine, etc. Zeenat had come with constant companion Kavi (glamorous widow of Pramod Gupta) There were also Raaj Kumar, Shammi Kapoor with wife Neela. At the Oberoi party that followed the premiere, Feroze went gay, dancing and singing with Vinod Khanna, Zeenat, etc. The Sanjay Khans were glued to their table. The Kapoor clan headed by Raj Kapoor was conspicuous by its absence.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

At a glittering function held at the Taj Mahal Hotel, the Rotary Club of Bombay Mid-Town, organised an evening with the young stars of tomorrow. Ashok Kumar and Nutan, the chief guests, entertained the gathering with surprise items. They were presented with commemorative plaques for their outstanding contribution to the community through films.

The Stars of Tomorrow included Deepak Parashar, Raj Babbar, Mukesh Khanna, Arun Govil, Kumar Gaurav, Vijayeta, Mazhar Khan and Deepti Naval, and were introduced by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style. The function was presided over by Mr. Khalid Ansari, President of the club. Mr. Bhupendra Shah gave the vote of thanks.

* * *

Romla Kaicker and Lata Kumari will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of hand-embroidered table linen, hand-painted and lacquered tea-trays, semi-precious and silver jewellery and silk and chiffon sarees at the Aakar Art Gallery on July 10 and 11.

* * *

The Citizen's Action Group has appealed to all the candidates who contested from Greater Bombay for the last Assembly Election to arrange to remove the election posters from walls, bus stands, etc. before July 7, 1980, as a part of its cleanliness drive.

The other social organisations in Greater Bombay are requested to support and to join CAG's cleanliness drive whole-heartedly. If the election posters of any contestants continue to remain on walls of public places after July 7, the members of the Central Committee of CAG along with citizens are planning to organise a disciplined satyagraha in front of the houses of contestants to seek their co-operation.

* * *

The Crafts Council of Western India held an exhibition of the crafts of Jawaja Village, Rajasthan, at St. Xavier's College Hall. Hand tooled leather work like bags, belts, pouches, and woven rugs, durries, bedspreads and draperies were displayed. Also on display were exquisite Dhokra Castings by master craftsman from Bastar, Jaidev Baghel.

* * *

A Bharatha Natyam Evening was organised by the Nateshwar Nritya Kala Mandir, Bandra, at Dr. M. Visvesvaraya Smarak Mandir Hall, recently. Mr. Ahmed Zakaria was the chief guest.

* * *

For the first time, after diplomatic relations with China were restored, a group of 14 Indian tourists travelled to Beijing, Shanghai and Canton, visiting Hongkong and Bangkok on their return, on a 14-day tour. No doubt, several Indian trade delegations and businessmen have been to China in the recent past, but this is the first group of tourists promoted by the China International Travel Service, Beijing.

According to Mr. K.B. Sarwal, General Manager, Cox & Kings (Agents), Ltd., promoter of the tour, this is the outcome of the efforts made by him during his visit to China last year to explore the possibilities of promoting China as one of the attractions for Indians wishing to travel abroad. According to him, this may prove to be the beginning of many more tours in the future, depending on the availability of hotel accommodation and other facilities in China.

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1. At a function held by the International Tourism Council in Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. P. F. Dotiwala, Vice-Pres; Mr. Homi Taleyarkhan, President, chief guest Mr. G. H. Lalwani, Chairman of M.P.W.P. Board, and Mr. H. H. Ismail, Vice-Pres.

2. At a dinner hosted jointly by Mercury Travels and Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. R. Puri, Mrs. A. K. Bahl, Mrs. M. Sahni, and Mrs. T. Siddiqi.

3. An exhibition of paintings was held by Odette Gonsalves (3rd from left) at the Jehangir Art Gallery in Bombay.

4. At a function organised by the Rotary Club, Bombay Midtown, at Taj Mahal Hotel, to felicitate the stars of tomorrow, are seen (from left) Ashok Kumar, Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style; Mr. Khalid Ansari, President of the Club; Mr. Dilip Piramal, and Nutan.

CALCUTTA

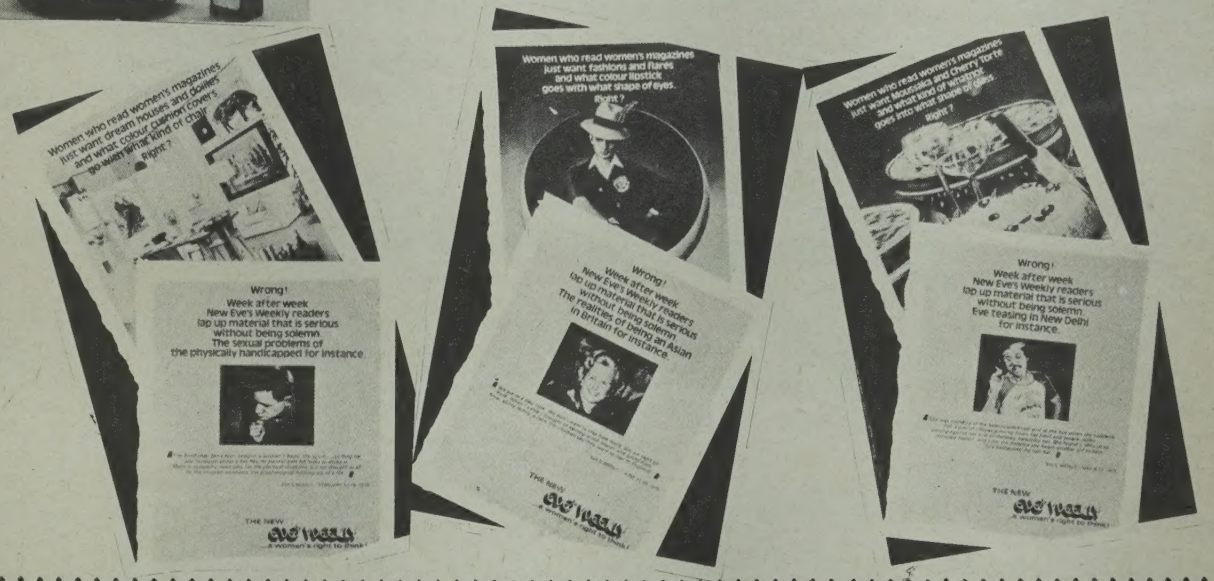
The annual function of "Kusumika" was held at the Academy of Fine Arts. Lady Ranu Mookherjee delivered the Presidential address and Certificates for flower-arrangements were awarded to the successful students. Uma Basu, Principal of "Kusumika" presented the money collected from the Floral Display exhibition to the Women's Coordinating Council's Howrah Project, which is reconstructing children's schools and a library there.

* * *

Anuradha Lohia's recital of Kuchipudi at the Birla Academy drew a lot of critical acclaim for the young artiste. Her abhinayam in Jayadev's ashtapadi was excellent. Eleven items were presented in all. Guru Natyacharya Cherda Vedanta Krishna and the accompanying musicians in mridangam, violin and the flute gave good support to Anuradha.

CAG AWARD

The Commercial Artists Guild has adjudged the Eve's Weekly advertising campaign as the best press advertisement campaign during 1979 from entries received from all over India. The campaign was designed by Vision Advertising Studio which won the B. Dattaram Pvt. Ltd. Silver Trophy in the above category. The three advertisements reproduced here formed part of the campaign.



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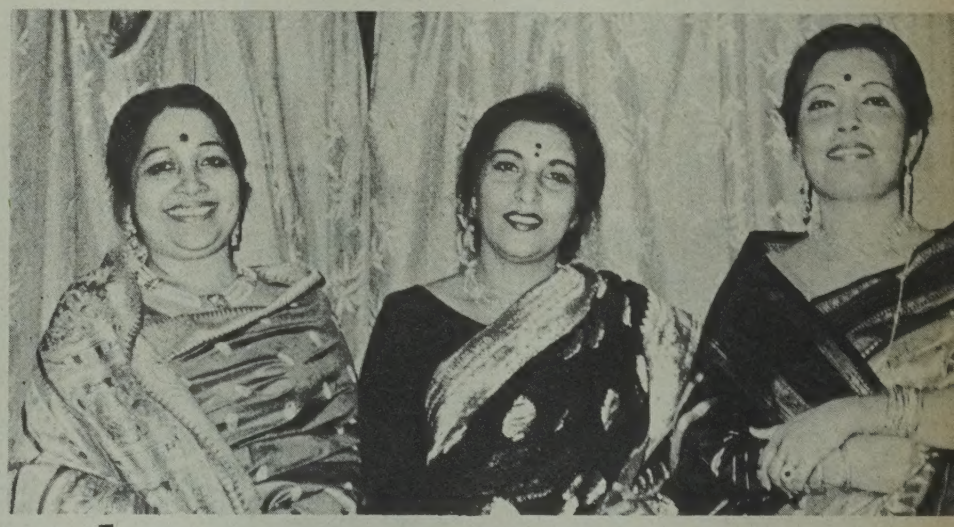

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5. A fashion show entitled "Fantasia 1980" was organised by the Burnpur Mahila Samaj. Seen (from left) are Mrs. Jaya Banerjee, Secretary, Mrs. Rani Ahuja, President, and Mrs. Nilima Majumdar, Treasurer, of the Samaj.

6. Miss Ansuya Dighe of Baroda is seen receiving the Best Actress award from Mr. Sudershan Gour, Hindi stage actor, at the 13th Annual Bimal Roy Memorial All India Dramatic Competition held by the All India Artists Association in Simla.

7. Mrs. Urmila Tiwari, Vice-President of the Ladies Association of the Madhya Pradesh Electricity Board welcomes the guests at a function held by the Association in Jabalpur, to mark its 10th year of service. Also seen, are Mrs. Shanta Jagathpathi, and Mr. G. Jagathpathi, Chairman, M. P. Electricity Board.

6

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

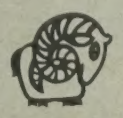
FOR THE WEEK JULY 6 — 12, 1980.

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK ;

One of the most vital and progressive years of your life. You will be involved in a series of new ventures, each one a stepping-stone to something just a little bit better! And a year of good health too. An older relative no longer causes anxiety. Lucky with officialdom about a grant, a visa or suchlike. If unattached, a lightning courtship and marriage around your 1981 birthday; if married, an addition to the family possible. News and happenings will be on the whole favourable. If you want to take some chances and gamble, you temper inspiration with good sense.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — April 20)



The first half of the week is favourable money-wise, for business. A good bargain in a quality item possible. A restless atmosphere at home may presage changes or an over-demanding relative.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

Be alert to opportunities and be sure to present yourself in the best possible light. A week when people will be helpful: your requests for favours have a good chance of success.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Busy with communication over the next several weeks. It will benefit you to be adventurous. but don't take undue risks. Vigorous stars begin to affect you as this week ends, particularly aiding your love life.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

The New Moon in your sign makes for a lively and loving week. If you have changes in mind, push ahead; it's a good time for new beginnings, and for your personal concerns. A change of plan will be lucky.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

If you have a minor health problem, it will disappear this week. Late July will bring helpful transits through your sign and you'll have more vitality. This week is favourable for confidential meetings and inquiries.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept 23)

You are in a fortunate phase until the end of October at least, and should seize all opportunities. This week, be alert on the 12th when the New Moon makes a good aspect to Saturn in your sign, helping your hopes and wishes.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Several planets are in helpful angles and Mars, in Libra until late August, will give you plenty of energy and enthusiasm. You'll be taking a more positive approach to life and people. A new excitement in your love life.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Uranus in your sign is strongly aspected this week and could bring about a breakthrough. You may make fresh targets for yourself and have some potentially profitable ideas. A stroke of luck could occur to boost your prospects.

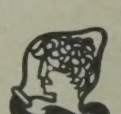
SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

It would be wise to economise until early August, but don't abandon plans and ambitions. You will soon enter a most progressive period, but avoid hasty action. At higher or lower levels of activity you'll get more for your money a little later on.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

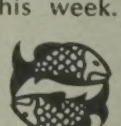
At present, your stars are confusing, with minor muddles occurring. Early August brings improvement; until then, check and double-check in doubtful areas. Try to avoid misunderstandings and loss through carelessness.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



If you have made a major change recently, you begin to realise its full benefits. Should one special goal still seem out of reach, you may achieve it before your 1981 birthday. Lots of fun and friendships this week.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



As this week ends harassing stars begin to fade. Your efforts to progress in the face of hurdles will soon be rewarded. Conflicts in close relationships should soon be resolved. If married, your partner may have good news.

WIFE SUED FOR PLAYING FOOTBALL

In these days of liberated females, surely no husband in his right mind should try to stop his wife playing football? But way back in March 1937, a husband did try. He sought divorce from his wife Maria Lutz — brilliant centre-half of Austria's famous all-women "Tempo" team.

His reason for seeking divorce from his pretty wife?

After a day's hard work he frequently had to do all the chores at home, he complained. Maria, of course, was away playing football!

Although the Austrian people in general knew nothing about this squabble, neighbours of the Lutz family one early afternoon became aware that trouble was brewing. Clearly, a terrific shouting "battle" was going on in the Lutz household. And when a door slammed, the intrigued neighbours, rushing to their windows, saw Maria tearing down the road. She was wearing the jersey and shorts of the Tempo team. And chasing after her came her rotund husband, brandishing a frying-pan and bellowing like a bull!

All too soon, alas, the entertaining spectacle disappeared round a bend!

It was an important match Maria had to play that afternoon. Happily, it was Maria herself who scored the deciding goal. But on her arrival home her husband Karl met her menacingly at the door. "I've had enough!" he shouted. "I've consulted my solicitor and he tells me I've a sound case for divorce. So, I am going to divorce you unless you stop playing your 'silly' football."

Maria, not believing him, told him coolly "to get on with it."

So it was a surprised Maria who, some time later, found herself in court in Innsbruck contesting Karl's attempt to get a divorce. Karl told the judge he had to do most of the cooking, keep the house clean, and look after their ten-year-old son. All this and much else after a full day's work. And just because his wife was away playing football!

The judge was most sympathetic. "So," he said to Karl, "You want a divorce because your wife won't stop playing football?"

"Yes, your worship," answered Karl.

"Would you really wish to rob the Tempo team, as well as thousands of supporters, of the finest woman centre-half in the country?" queried the judge. He added, significantly, "No! Every wife has a right to play games, including football. Your suit is dismissed."

It was a sad but possibly wiser Karl who returned home "to keep house while his wife Maria played football."

Alan Kent

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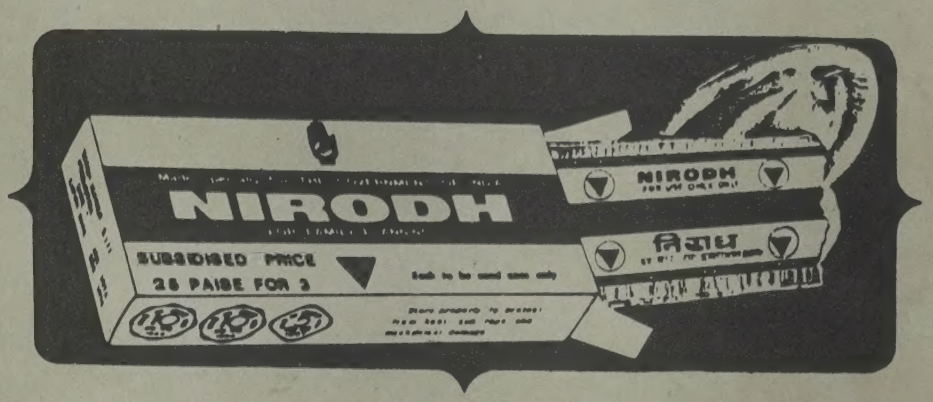

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